

25¢
mtl.

LOGOS

mtl.
community
press

CHRIST!
COPPING
SMOKE
IS
GETTIN'
HARDER
ALLA
TIME!...

vol. 5
num. 5

Arcomtl scan 2015

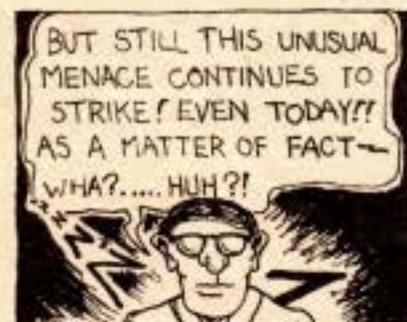


Robert Karniol (The Big Cheese);
cual, Nathan Wolkovitz (Heirs
Apparent); The Feminists Com-
munication Collective with a
little help from friends: Helen
Murphy, Anne McLean; cual, Rob,
Terry LaRocque, Karen Seay,
Dave Rosen, Nutz (Art and Lay-
out); FCC, Kenneth Kahn, M.
Gannouchio, cual, Gary "the fist"
boogali, J.K. Lambert, Terry La-
Rocque, Jurgen (Writers); Jim
Richards, John Marrett, Phil
Greenberg, Peter Reimann (Da
Boys); Ben Lechtman, Nutz, Mona
(Photogs).

CREEPING OVER THE NATION DAY-BY-DAY, INCH-BY-INCH!
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU, YOUR BROTHER, ANYONE!!
IT'S....

The CULTURE ZAP

DMR 72



LOGOS/Montreal Community Press lives at 3534 Park Ave. and can be reached by phone at 284-3132. Mail is always welcome at: P.O. Box 455, Montreal 215, Que. Attention legal buffs! LOGOS/M.C.P. is published by THE FLYING GANNOUCHIO PUBLISHING CO. and is printed by LES EDITIONS RICHELIEU LTEE., 100 Rue Bouthillier, St. Jean, Que. Of interest to no one but the postal dept., our mail goes out under second class permit number 2137. We are members of U.P.S., L.N.S., and A.F.S. ZAP!



According to some friends of mine in Toronto, John Palmer is the playwright and Peter Jobin is the actor; well, maybe next year.

Webster (Jobin) and Belinda (Clare Coulter) have a struggling common law marriage. Although the main friction between them would seem to be her emotionality versus his tendency to intellectualize, I think that the significant factor is supposed to be the revelation that they are brother and sister. Even on the basis of the latter, the six weirdos who crash the eve of their anniversary (2nd? 3rd? 5th?) have little or no excuse for coming and going as they do. It appears that Palmer introduces Ju-Jube, the queen (George Dawson); Dr. Blossimwalde, the shrink (Saul Rubinek); Judy Malone, Brownie troupe leader and latent lesbian (Doris Cowan); Petya, the college boy (Don MacQuarrie); Curry, the tart (Brenda Donohue); and Chicken, the schizophrenic hippie (Carole Galloway) for the sole purpose of demonstrating that the world at large is so crazy, Webster and Belinda should be happy with each other. "The End" comes when, under pink floods and to the accompaniment of scratchy electronic music, Chicken supposedly dry-humps Judy to death, Ju-Jube supposedly gnaws Petya to death, Webster shoots Chicken, Curry ODs, Dr. Blossimwalde stabs Ju-Jube, and Belinda and Webster shoot Blossimwalde, then split together. All of this happens in the space of about a minute. Have I given away "The End"? Not yet.

In spite of the marked unevenness of the play and the playing, there was one brilliant character—Dr. Blossimwalde, more insane than Peter Sellers' character in "What's New Pussycat?" (portrayed brilliantly by Rubinek)—a couple of good ones—Ju-Jube and Curry—and enough excellent dialogue to make this two and a half hour marathon of acting, prop-handling, changing, shouting, and I-fall-down-go-booming a rewarding change from so many other bland theatre ventures. "THE END" by John Palmer, directed by Martin Kinch, at the Toronto Free Theatre (an L.I.P.) on Berkeley St. below Front. By the way, as the name implies— it is free.

Neo-Mythos Theatre in Montreal is somewhat more difficult to approach. Its last production, "A Slight Ache" by Harold Pinter, and "The Indian Wants the Bronx" by Israel Horowitz was advertised as "free" in this paper but in the Montreal Star it was advertised at \$2.50 for adults and \$1.50 for students. I called to inquire about the free production and was told to go to the Verdun-LaSalle Y. In the rain I went and there was told, along with about ten others, that the performance was being cancelled due to lack of audience. We were also told that we could come to a performance two nights later at the D.B. Clarke Theatre in S.G.W.U. I promptly stood up to protest the situation, saying that I had been involved in productions which had played to as few as three people; but, alas, in vain, for the director was obviously not prepared to field questions from the floor. Anyway, I went again. I even took the precaution of making reservations, but when I tried to pick up my tickets, the fellow in the box office told me to see the director, Alex Hausvater. I didn't have to look for him— he walked up to the box office, pointed at my guest and me and stated that we could not come in. As for Neo-Mythos' latest, "Lysis-trata", it's been cancelled. Wish they'd cancel my taxes.

"MORE"

OLYMPIC FLAME *EXTRA!* FLICKERS FURTHER!

(AFS)-- The latest report on the international drug market reveals that a Turkish farmer gets \$22 for an amount of opium which, when turned into heroin, brings \$220,000 at the U.S. retail street price.



(AFS)-- Crunchy Granola freaks were crushed recently behind the charges of a San Francisco dietician who charged that the natural-ingredient oat cereal is no better than Corn Flakes, Cheerios, or any of that other kids' stuff; although Granola has been out-selling all other cereals.

The spoiler was Helen Black, home economist for a consumer's co-operative food chain based in Richmond, California. She took a standard granola recipe and compared it with Cheerios, Wheaties and Kix; and she discovered that granola had no more nutrients than other cereals. Perhaps worse, she fears that granola may be wreaking havoc with calorie counters, teasing sweet tooth, and ruining appetites.

When the results of her study came to the attention of Dr. Eugene Schonfield, who does a hip column for the San Francisco Chronicle, he rushed into print with a summary of it. This was all that was necessary to create a full-fledged granola controversy, and the doctor found himself on the receiving end of a rush of letters and phone calls--many of them angry--defending the crunchy stuff. Ruefully assessing the storm that broke over his head last week in the wake of his disclosures, the doctor observed sadly but wisely: "Attacking crunchy granola is like attacking motherhood or the American Flag."

Munich (IPU)-- Once again the peace of the World Olympics has been torn asunder by the tide of hatred that plagues man. A cry of horror spread like ice through the crowds of this city yesterday when the authorities discovered that the coins used in the 5 yard crap-shooting competition bore miniature Methane gas jet engines of Bulgarian design. A Japanese athlete was disqualified from any further games. He was also discovered to be the wife of a Ugandan Asian refugee.

HOT SHIT...

CENTURY CITY, Cal. (UPS)-- Luxury apartment dwellers got a surprise one morning when they woke up to find their toilets exploding as 375-degree water from a broken heating plant shot into the cold porcelain.

One resident said, "I flushed the toilet and it started to rumble-- hot water started gushing out and I ran. Then the toilet exploded." Gazing at the shattered john in the middle of her plush bathroom, she added, "I'm glad I ran."

HEADY TRANSPLANT

(Pittsburgh Fair Witness)-- A Cleveland doctor has called on an international medical symposium to concentrate its efforts on perfecting the next dramatic transplant operation: that of a human head.

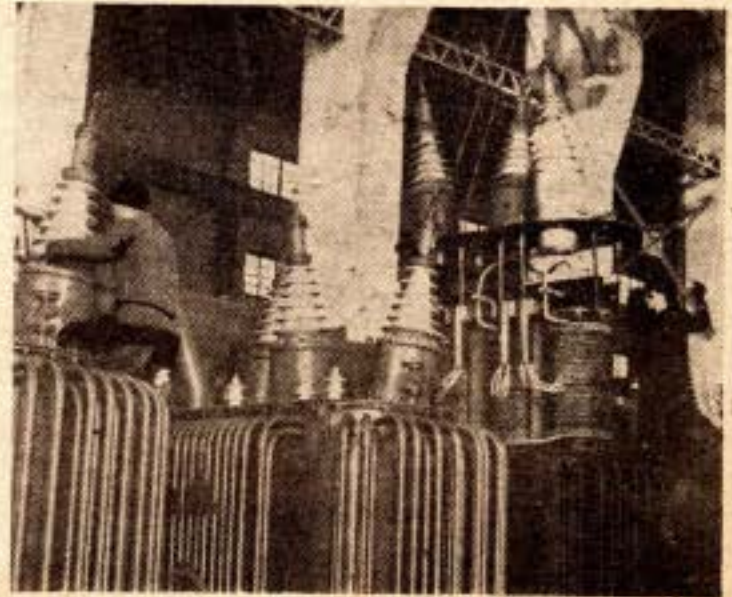
Prof. R.J. White told delegates at an international organ transplant meeting in Fiumi, Italy, that medical science is already capable of transplanting heads. Dr. White said that techniques of such transplants have been aided by the development of low temperature surgery which permits the brain to live up to four hours during the transplant operation. White said he had successfully conducted two head operations on baboons, although he did not state how long after the operations the baboons survived.

MORE CRAP



(Earth News) -- Manhattan's World Trade Center-- the world's tallest building-- may enjoy another distinction--that of the Hudson River's largest source of untreated sewage.

The giant monolith that now towers above the Empire State Building has a record 7,000 toilets flushing constant discharges of untreated waste into the Hudson River. Reportedly, Manhattan dumps around 400 million gallons of untreated sewage into the once beautiful river every day.



The performance was highly acclaimed by the spectators for its rich political and ideological contents as well as the valour and superb feats of acrobats.

(Pyongyang Times)-- The Respected and Beloved Leader Comrade KIM IL SUNG Sees Acrobatic Performance Given in Celebration of 20th Anniversary of Founding of Pyongyang Acrobatic Troupe.

The Pyongyang Acrobatic Troupe founded by the fatherly Leader has traversed a proud path for twenty years under his deep solicitude...While enjoying deep love of the people, it has made a great contribution to educating the people to have infinite loyalty to the Party and revolution, ardent love for the socialist country, indomitable fighting spirit and revolutionary optimism.

Also seeing the performance were Comrades Choi Yong Kun, Kim Il, Pak Sung Chul, Kim Dong Gyu, So Chol, Kim Jung Rin, Han Ik Su, Hyong Mu Gwang, Yang Hyong Sop, Li Gun Mo, Nam Il and Hong Won Gil.

**WITCH
SIDE
ARE
YOU
ON?**



SAN DIEGO (UPS)-- A California evangelist has put together the world's first witch-mobile, an anti-occult mobile unit about to begin a nationwide tour to warn teenagers of the evils of Satanism.

The 20-foot trailer will be available to churches and civic groups in the 45 cities it will visit. It contains displays of magic potions, voodoo oils, a Satanic altar, a goat's hoof, a human skull and the like.

The tour organizer, Morris Cerullo of World Evangelism Inc., said his travelling exhibit is designed to show "what can ultimately happen to people involved in the occult-- mental derangement, criminal tendencies and self-destruction."

Theatre Daze...



Youtheatre, temporarily at 1583 St. Laurent, has had a busy summer. When they received an extension of their winter L.I.P., performance stopped long enough to permit a quick change from "Circus Kazoo" to "Rumpelstiltskin", both by artistic director Wayne Fines. The group has performed to virtually every English (and sometimes mixed) day camp, day care centre, home for children, etc., in the city, and to country camps up to a hundred miles away.

The ambitious upcoming season promises two new plays for schools and adult productions such as "MacBeth" (Tell them Willie boy's still here?), and "Bland Hysteria" by Canadian John Palmer of "The End" fame. Look for the new Y.T.H.Q. in the Sherbrooke-Claremont area.

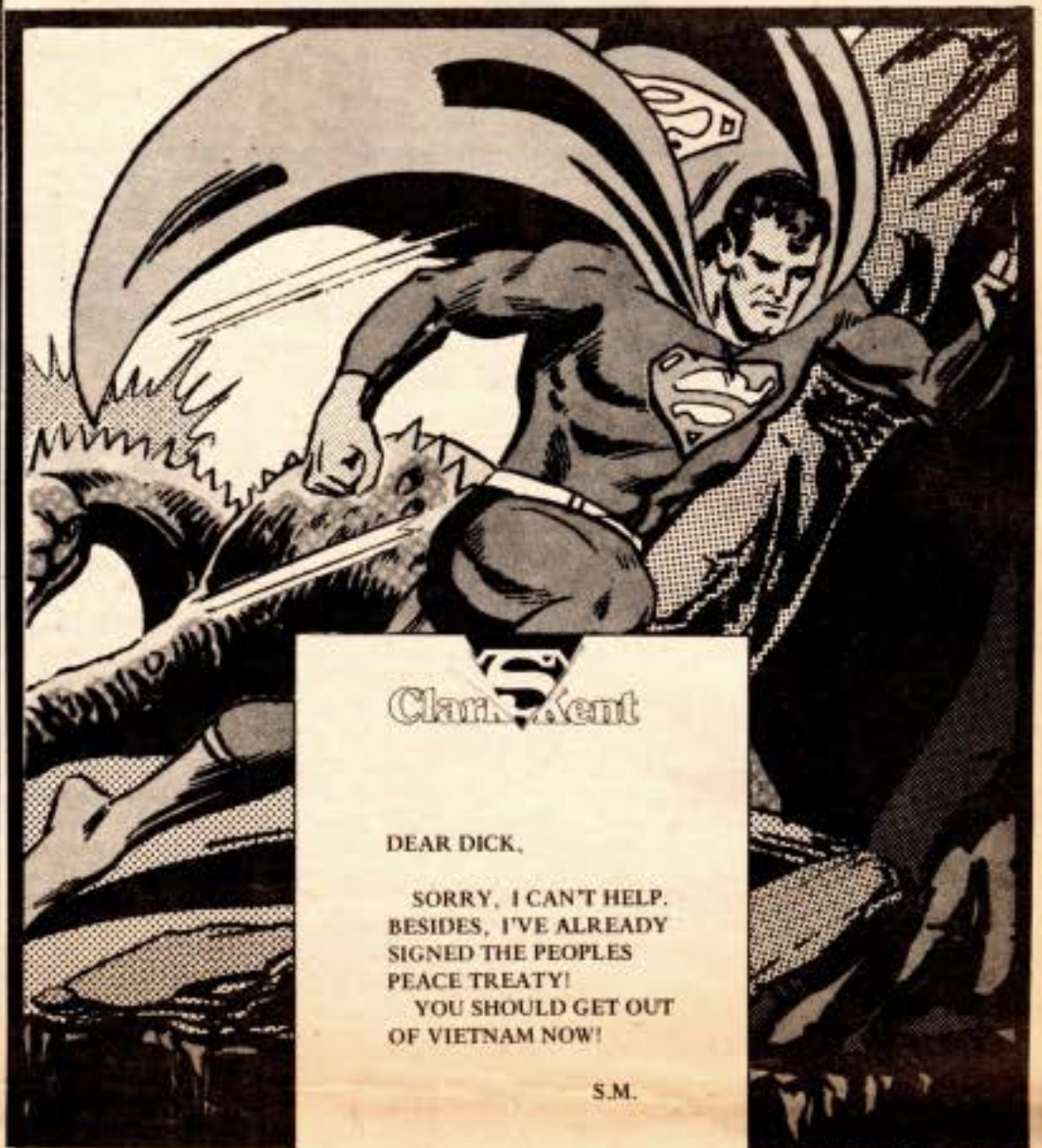
ATTENTION!

This is not an O.F.Y. or L.I.P.

The merchants on Prince Arthur Street near St. Louis Park (Carre St. Louis) got permission to barricade the street to the Sons of Detroit for the purpose of holding mini-festivals. If it looks like a sunny day, out come the barricades, the performers, and you and me. If you want to watch- come; if you want to perform- call Jean at 845-4419. The present permit is good until Sept. 30, but they're trying to get it extended through Oct.

Quote: "FESTIVAL LENNOXVILLE, because of its promise, its Canadian orientation, and the high artistic calibre of its company has been awarded an unprecedented Canada Council award- a first for a new theatrical venture." unquote.

Lennoxville?! Canada Council award?! Tickets- \$5 and \$3?! Mavor Moore?! If I sent you the Abbercrombie and Fitch Catalogue, would you order a sable truss?



Clark Kent

DEAR DICK,

SORRY, I CAN'T HELP.
BESIDES, I'VE ALREADY
SIGNED THE PEOPLES
PEACE TREATY!
YOU SHOULD GET OUT
OF VIETNAM NOW!

S.M.

FETA ESTATE/LNS

WILD MANNEQUIN REPORTER

AT THE MEL. FORUM

leon pussel

&
NITZINGER

Sept. 20
Wed

james bpowd

tickets: \$5--\$4--\$3

Sept 24
Sun

elton john

Oct 2
Mon

&
FAMILY

Tickets
\$5

DONALD K DONALD PRODUCTION

mpcc trial

To bring you up to date on the Milton-Parc Citizens' Committee Bust for occupying the Concordia offices:

Behind the scenes, the Defense Attorney and the Town Prosecutor were trying to reach an agreement. The Defense's first proposal was refused, but the second one was accepted and have been finalized. The immigrants on the sidewalk will have the charges withdrawn. (This is different from simply dropping charges because it infers that charges should never have been laid, whereas when they are dropped, there could be a question of mitigating circumstances.) The rest of the people (i.e. non-immigrants) except for three, have to decide whether to plead "not-guilty" and go straight to trial or "guilty" under the new leniency law. About 25 people pleaded not-guilty and are being sent to trial, while six who didn't show-up in court have warrants out for their arrest.

The charge was "public mischief" which is an indictable offense with a maximum penalty of ten years. Originally, the charge had been "common assault", which is only a summary conviction, but it was changed because (A) The police wouldn't have been able to make it stick, and (B) To, in effect, serve a warning to those who dare to oppose the government-capitalist conspiracy.

David Miller, free-lance photographer and MPCC member, took one photo in court and had his film confiscated. The prosecutor said: "You were lucky. they gave you back their camera."

When the blond creep sergeant walked into court, everyone hissed. Everyone in court was on our side except the aforementioned creep. Of course, the judge was and still is impartial. A. Harvey Laclaire has and is doing an excellent job.

"I MET HIM AT THE CANDY STORE..."

Being a short Rock 'n Roll game by M. Gannouchio, with a little help from our friends at OZ. Who spoke the words? Answers on next page.

1 "I laugh at 'em. I laugh at those parlor-pink revolutionary kids going around saying 'I am a revolutionary by trade'. Bull-fucking puke. They haven't any idea what it is, man. They should go watch a news-reel of the last three days of Budapest, and think it over."



- a) Johnny Cash
- b) Julie Felix
- c) David Crosby
- d) Angela Davis

2 "Fucking groupies... I'm telling you, the next one that pushes herself at me, I'm going to piss all over her. Just piss all over her..."

- a) Rod Stewart
- b) John Osborne (Black Sabbath)



- c) Jeff Beck
- d) Ian Anderson (Jethro Tull)

3 "I'm warming up to the idea of an asylum."

- a) Marianne Faithful
- b) James Taylor

4 "I probably made millions, but I ain't never seen any of it."

- a) Joe Cocker
- b) Bo Diddley



- c) Captain Beefeart
- d) John Lennon

5 "I haven't seen her in two years... In the old days. Beautiful. Used to wipe herself with the American flag after doin' it. And the way she dropped acid lying naked on old Fats Domino records..."



- a) Pete Townsend on Suzy Creamcheese
- b) Yoko Ono on Cynthia Lennon
- c) Bob Dylan on Joan Baez
- d) King Kong on Faye Wray

6 "Rock and Roll owes me a living."

- a) Pigpen McKernan
- b) Doug Pringle

- c) Jerry Lee Lewis
- d) Bill Haley

7 "That bullshit about the people's music, man, where's that at? It wasn't any people that sat with me while I learned to play the guitar. If the people think that way they can fucking make their own music."



- a) John Lennon
- b) Jimmy Page

- c) Jerry Garcia
- d) Van Morrison

8 "You know, English people have a very big thing towards a spade. Everybody in England still sort of thinks that spades have big dicks."

- a) Eric Clapton
- b) Chuck Berry

- c) Queen Elizabeth
- d) Taj Mahal

9 "Why shouldn't I get 20%? I cured all their problems."

- a) Phil Spector on The Righteous Bros.
- b) Allen Klein on The Beatles



- c) Brian Epstein on Billie J. Kramer
- d) Richard Nixon on Vietnam

10 "It will give me great pleasure to tell the public that Mick Jagger is not God Jnr."

- a) Mick Jagger
- b) Charlie Watts



- c) Bianca Rosa Jagger
- d) Bill Graham

11 "I've had a black leather jacket since I was five years old. I've been wearing black leather all my life."



- a) Elvis Presley
- b) Gene Vincent

- c) Bob Dylan
- d) Johnny Winter

12 "I think Enoch (Powell, English right-winger) is the man. I'm all for him. This country is overcrowded. The immigrants should be sent home."

- a) Princess Anne
- b) Ginger Baker



- c) Rod Stewart
- d) George Harrison

13 "The youth revolution in America is a hype ...I like Agnew, but I don't like that Nixon."

- a) John Mayall
- b) LOGOS staff

- c) Country Joe
- d) Grace Slick

14 "We should send planes to Biafra and rescue all the people and then play at the airport as they come in. Do a show for them Biafrans"



- a) Ravi Shankar
- b) George Harrison

- c) Leon Russell
- d) Paul McCartney

15 "I love being a star more than life itself"

- a) Buddy Holly
- b) Jimi Hendrix
- c) John F. Kennedy
- d) Janis Joplin



bee-bop

by gary "the fist" boogali

It's a hard life in this city for a jazz musician- there aren't too many outlets around for him to express his art and make a living. But now "goin' up to the country" has taken on a special significance for both jazz musicians and lovers.

The first time I saw Charlie Biddle, he was playing at the Youth Pavilion at Expo '67 with "Charles Biddle and the New York Jazz Quartet", and they created a great impression. Months later, while cruising the city for some oh-so-scarce jazz, I stumbled on him again, playing with his old 'N.Y.J.Q.' guitarist Nelson Symonds and drummer Norman Villeneuve. Together they were the "Nelson Symonds Trio", the house band at Guy Street's "La Bohème". They played that gig for quite a while and established La Bohème as a centre for jazz in the city. Nelson was and is one of the fastest guitarists I have ever seen, and his personal trademark is his quiet scat singing along with the notes that he is playing, while Charlie and Norman are proficient and inventive musicians themselves. Together they played very smooth traditional jazz and, if you were lucky, you could catch some really fine jamming going on (both with local musicians and internationally known ones who happened to be in town, such as Nelson's friend Roland Kirk). But then La Bohème cut its jazz format, and I didn't hear of Charlie and Nelson for a long time. Now they've finally resurfaced.

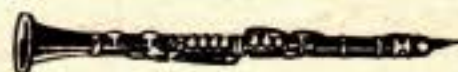
Charlie Biddle had been discouraged by the jazz scene in Montreal, the exploitation of the musicians and, just generally, the frantic pace of the city. So he packed up his wife and kids and moved up to the country to live and to set up a haven for musicians and lovers of music. The result is "Uncle Charlie's Jazz Joint".

He and his family and friends are living communally in a big house in Val Morin with lots of land and a lake, and they've opened up the place to musicians, friends and strangers to drop by for relaxation, music and food. "Uncle Charlie's" started up around the beginning of August and there are organized shows on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights from 10 p.m. till dawn (impromptu shows anytime). The night that I was there, Charlie and Nelson (who also lives there) were joined by Shawbridge antique dealer Carl Foller on drums. They bopped away in the living room in front of an audience of around twenty people in what can only be described as a homey atmosphere. There is an admission charge of a dollar on these nights and food and coffee are served (without pressure, only if you want some). The whole place is so relaxed and free of pressure- the jazz mixing with the food and coffee and children scampering around. Charlie is trying to avoid having to get a liquor licence so that the place can be a family experience and so that younger kids too can have a place to go. Plans for the future include knocking down a wall to an adjoining bedroom, which will about double the present capacity of forty people, and replacing the couches with cushions.

It's hard to do a regular music review on this musical group because music, place and lifestyle all blend into one. If you're up in the Laurentians, you shouldn't miss dropping by, and- if you can get transportation- it would even be worthwhile to go up from the city just to become a part of this musical and living experience.

DIRECTIONS: Get to Val Morin and look for signs or ask people. The address is 91 Boulevard Morin.

Music



IVAN SYMONDS TRIO plays good jazz every nite 'cept Monday at de Ol'Rockheads Paradise at St. Antoine & Mountain St.--- R&B upstairs with Willie Ray. Real farout stuff.

COUNTRY & WESTERN MUSIC every night at the Blue Angel Café, #1228 Drummond St.---no minimum---no admission---no dope...

JAZZZZZ -- Thursday to Saturday, at Café Prag--- #1433 Bishop.

JOHN LEE HOOKER will appear at the Esquire Show Bar, #1224 Stanlet St. Many more big name jazz and blues peoples too...

KARMA COFFEE HOUSE --#1476 Crescent St.---Folk, jazz,poetry.

THE YELLOW DOOR at #3625 Aylmer St., has folk musicians every nite and a Hootenanny on sundays. Serves food too. Good folk! Humphrey & the Dumptrucks! play there on Oct.12th to 14th...

A MOVABLE FEAST --#162 Prince Arthur East is a Macrobiotic & Natural food restaurant and store. Meals for a buck, from 2 to 9 pm. Music from 9pm on sat. & sunday...

MONTREAL FOLK WORKSHOP #1086 McKay.

QUEBECOIS FOLK MUSIC perform at St.Vincent-Boite à Chanson, on St.Vincent St. between St.Paul and Notre Dame in Old Mtl.

CAFE MOJO is at 4599 Park Ave. (near Mont Royal) and the perverbial accent is on Jazz. \$1 admission during the week and \$1.50 on weekends. It all starts at 10:30 p.m.



Theatre

CENTAUR THEATRE 453 St.François Xavier in Old Montreal. Prices are \$2.50-- \$4.00 but students & grey panthers pay \$14 per season. Playwrights' Workshop present free plays often.

REVUE THEATRE at #1858 de Maisonneuve O. \$2 for interested students of theatre. Regular prices are \$3 and \$3.50 on weekends.



Art

Galerie Espace --#1237 Sanguinet open monday to friday 1 to 5pm.

ESKIMO and AFRICAN sculptures often exhibited at Lippel Gallery 2159 McKay St. Open tuesday to saturday 11am to 5:30 pm.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART --lectures and international artists' exhibit. Cité de Havre . Open 10am to 6pm. FREE ADMISSION.

from pg. 5



- 1: c) David Crosby (Rolling Stone, 1970)
- 2: b) John Osborne (Rolling Stone, 1971)
- 3: d) John Lennon ('The Beatles Get Back', 1969)
- 4: b) Bo Diddley (Melody Maker, 1971)
- 5: c) Dylan on Baez (Fusion, 1969)
- 6: d) Pigen (Zigzag, 1971)
- 7: c) Jerry Garcia (Zigzag, 1970)
- 8: a) Eric Clapton (Rolling Stone, 1967)
- 9: b) Klein on Beatles (Rolling Stone, 1969)
- 10: d) Bill Graham (Rolling Stone, 1970)
- 11: c) Bob Dylan (1965-quoted in 'The Age of Rock', 1970)
- 12: c) Rod Stewart (I.T., 1970)
- 13: c) Country Joe (Rolling Stone, 1971)
- 14: d) Paul McCartney ('The Beatles Get Back', 1969)
- 15: d) Janis Joplin (J.J. Her Life and Times, by D. Landau, 1971)

leary in limbo

Logos/m.c.p. montreal oct. 1972

7

by KENNETH KAHN
-from the BERKLEY BARB

Munich, Aug. 8, 1972.

It's four days now since I concluded a two-day visit with Timothy Leary, psychedelic high priest in exile. Although armed with several phone numbers in Switzerland and an address, it took several days of intrepid searching to track him down. When I finally found him, it turned out that he was living in the opposite side of the country than I had been told. Even after arriving at the village near his residence, it took a complicated set of directions (given on the phone to me by Timothy) to find him — including two U-turns and a narrow dirt road.

Travelling with my girl friend-navigator, Sherri, we made our way down a dirt road to a row of houses on the bank of a beautiful lake. As I was parking my VW bus, a solidly-built young blonde girl came from the house next to us and asked in broken English where I was going. Trying to be cool, I hemmed and hawed, not wanting to blow Tim's cover. She smiled knowingly and said, "Oh, you are looking for Mr. Leary, no?" I gulped and admitted that I was. She replied that he lived several houses down the road. I thanked her and we wandered off to the house she described.

I knocked on the basement door, as I had been instructed, and was greeted by Tim himself. The first thing he said was that he was living 'underground.' Before I could ask him about the girl down the road, he informed us that he wanted

to go to a restaurant in the village for dinner, and that I was to drive. He introduced his companion, Brian Barritt, a young Englishman, who was seated on a mattress on the floor, sorting pages of a manuscript. Three other mattresses on the floor comprised all the rest of the furniture, except for Tim's desk with his tiny typewriter and telephone.

At the restaurant, Tim ordered for everyone. He had been eating there for some time. The first thing he asked us was about the scene in L.A. We talked of that for a while. After that, he spent most of dinner sharing bon mots with Brian, mostly about people and events of which we were totally ignorant.

Once Tim asked about the sex shops in Amsterdam. When Sherri began to tell him of the proliferation of sado-maso gadgets on display, he jumped when the waitress approached and warned her to keep quiet. When the waitress left, he admonished Sherri to be "cool" because he was living underground.

During dinner, Tim sent Brian out for a stamp, milk, three packs of cigarettes and several giant bars of chocolate. Both the bars and the cigarettes were gone by the time we saw him on the next day. In fact, almost the whole time we were with him, a cigarette burned as he held it in a trembling hand.

After dinner, we returned to the basement to talk. As it turned out, he actually had the whole two-story house to live in. Between making several phone calls, he asked us just what it was that we wanted. I outlined some questions in a

number of areas, including drugs, jail, politics and philosophy. He laughed and said, "If I gave you good answers to those questions, it would be worth \$100,000."

If you think that I was somewhat confused at this point, you're right. I presumed that he didn't want to give the interview (since I had left the \$100,000 in the glove compartment). We got up to leave and he waved me to sit back down (He was on the phone at the time). After his phone conversation, he said that he would answer the questions, but not into the tape recorder that I had brought for the occasion. So, with Sherri scribbling furiously, we plunged ahead.

As I asked the questions below, he looked to Brian for the answers on many occasions. He stopped after a few questions and requested that this be printed as an interview with Brian as communicated through Tim. He explained that Brian was his "receiver" and that they were in perfect telepathic communication. I shrugged and agreed. When we asked to take a snapshot to accompany the article, he declined, explaining that he would send us a photo later.

He asked us to return the following day for a preface statement explaining who Brian is. When we returned he told us that he had decided to dispense with the introduction and that he wished to go over all the questions again. This time he gave no oral answers, but typed all the answers himself. Not one word of his personal copy has been altered. Read the interview and draw your own conclusions.

Q: Can everyone profit from using LSD?

A: Si.

Q: Do you still advocate that people use LSD?

A: Oui.

Q: Under what conditions?

A: The conditions we have right here and now.

Q: Do you continue to use it?

A: Bien sur.

Q: What physiological effect does acid have on the body?

A: LSD is fuel and food for the nervous system.

Q: Is LSD an aphrodisiac?

A: She tells me so. (Sherri laughs in agreement.)

Q: Who is she?

A: Sherri is she. (Sherri laughs and says "touche")

Q: Have you learned anything new about LSD in the last few years?

A: Yes: the potentiality of the nervous system for mutation and discovery seems to be infinite.

Q: Differentiate LSD from other psychedelics.

A: Please restate the question more precisely.

Q: Is acid different from the magic mushroom?

A: The sacred mushrooms and other neurological botanical gifts are pre-scientific gratuitous gifts. LSD and other synthetics have more alchemical and neurological meaning. The issue is not "either ... or" but "both and more."

Q: How do you define the term "psychedelic"?

A: "Psychedelic" is an archaic, pre-neurological term vaguely referring to subjective states of splendor, intensity, and novelty.

Q: Are feelings of love and peace attached to using acid?

A: Terms like "love" and "peace" are imprecise, political, moralistic, dualistic and dangerous in that they create their opposites. The nervous system sees no color, feels no pain, claims no virtue, feels no shame.

Q: Why do you think acid was made illegal?

A: Genetic politics. Metamorphic jealousy. Caterpillars envy butterflies.

Q: Were you aware of this when you were advocating its use?

A: At all times.

Q: Did you know you were subjecting yourself to societal dangers?

A: We were aware of the terror that mutants create for vanishing species. Social dangers are irrelevant.

Q: Did the risks become more apparent as you got into it?

A: As we learned how to survive in alien space, the risks diminished.

Q: What changes did the discovery and use of LSD bring about in the U.S.?

A: That is a question that is better answered by the critics rather than the performers.

Q: If you had it to do over again, would you still spread the word?

A: Probably not.

Q: Why?

A: Public actions distract from the private. There is less time for sensual, neurological and genetic fucking.

Q: Is your philosophy still, "turn on, tune in, and drop out"?

A: That and more. "Turn on, tune in, and drop out" is not a bad place from which to start.

Q: Do you still have contact with the original students you turned on at Harvard?

A: Not physically. However, such powerful imprints are indelibly engraved on the nervous system.

First awakenings are the most powerful and are rarely forgotten or displaced.

Q: Do they still use LSD?

A: Rarely. In the alchemy of evolution, many elements are dissolved but only a few are magically transformed and transmuted into states of continued higher energy. The human question is this: How much ecstasy, change, revelation can one tolerate before one turns off and invents a philosophy to justify the turn-off.

Q: What do you think of the California Marijuana Initiative?

A: It should loosen things up a bit. We hope it passes.

Q: Do you think this will pave the way for the legalization of LSD?

A: Acid has to do with the generation, control and manipulation of neurological energy, invisible and internal. The politics of time. External politics are irrelevant

A recent photo of Tim Leary, incognito in Switzerland.



to LSD. The liberated nervous system is beyond parochial concepts of law and order.

Q: How do you account for people having bad trips?

A: Bad company, internal or external.

Q: LSD was discovered in Switzerland. Is it legal now?

A: LSD is illegal in every space.

Q: When was it made illegal in Switzerland?

A: Data unavailable.

Q: Do you know the penalty for possession here in Switzerland?

A: The punishment is usually a little fine.

Q: Is LSD a personal experience or can it be done in a group?

A: Both. Is it possible to be alone?

Q: Have you ever taken LSD with no one else being physically present?

A: Yes. Often.

Q: What do you feel is a normal dose?

A: We are more concerned with the abnormal.

cont'd

Asomtliscan 20.15

Q: Can you take too much acid?
A: Apparently not.
Q: A writer in The Psychedelic Review once classified acid trips into five different categories. What do you think of this?
A: Everyone seems to have a favorite number. I guess five was his. That's our number, Brian? Our number is NIL. We sometimes personalize this quantity as Nil, the Time Pimp. Nil's constant companion is Liz, the Cosmic Whore, whose number is Infinity.
Q: What effect did the societal repression of LSD have?
A: Societal repression provides the soil in which the seeds of magic, alchemy and spiritual mutation thrive.
Q: So there is no end to what one can learn from the LSD experience?
A: D'accord.
Q: Why did Alpert complain of despair from coming down from acid trips, as he did in Be Here Now?
A: He must have been on a complaining despair cycle at the time. When he sat with us here, high in front of our fire last month, he had no complaints, either acidulous or alkaloid.
Q: Is it important to continue to spread the word about LSD to the youth?
A: The word spreads by itself, in spite of what we do or say.
Q: Why does LSD seem to strike a peaceful chord in people who take it?
A: Do you mean strike the chord? Or strike the cord? Linguistic problems. The question cannot be answered.
(Note: As the answers were being typed by T.L., I had no chance to clarify.)

Q: You once stated that if David Harris had five friends, they should free him from jail. Do you still think that political prisoners should be freed by their friends?
A: All prisoners within or without bars should be helped to escape. My statement about David Harris was stupid and pretentious. I ask his forgiveness.
Q: Do you think all drug prisoners are political prisoners?
A: Drug prisoners are not basically political; they are victims of time warps and genetic conflicts.
Q: Were you treated differently than other prisoners?
A: I believe that I was watched with more curiosity. But I have always tended to feel that way in any confined space, even in a Swiss village.
Q: Why were you put in a minimum security institution?
A: I hypnotized the authorities into believing that I was a docile person and not an escape risk. This is an occupational habit of mine.
Q: Did you have plans to escape when you entered prison?
A: I have done little except make plans for escape since I was twelve years old.
Q: Why did you go to Algeria?
A: I was hypnotized by Bernadine Dohrn for whom I would go anywhere. Actually we went to Algeria to meet Brian Barritt and perform certain magical actions demanded by the Alistair Crowley-Victor Neubourg re-incarnation script.
Q: Were those your respective prior names?
A: Apparently.
Q: Did you make this discovery under the influence of LSD?
A: The full moon pilgrimage to the desert in Bou Saada was fueled by all the alchemy we could conjure up. The precision of this re-incarnation dance was revealed to us a year later upon reading The Confessions of Alistair Crowley.

Q: What are you doing now?
A: Wandering in gardens of incredible goodies.
Q: Is the U.S. anti-fun?
A: In most other countries, hedonism is elitist. In Iran, for example, LSD is used by royalty and, like fancy fucking, is considered too good for the peasants. In America hedonism has been vulgarized for the middle class. The question is really too complex for a simple answer.
Q: Do you favor any candidate in the upcoming presidential elections?
A: Based on early accidental and involuntary imprints of childhood, I prefer the San Francisco Giants and the Democratic Party. This is a neurological confession and not an endorsement.
Q: Are you writing anything?
A: I am transmitting information received by Brian Barritt, some of which will be published in a book entitled *Escapades, The Chronology of a Hope Fiend*.
Q: Why are you granting this interview?
A: Because you conned me into it.
Q: Are you united with your family?
A: Yes. All-ways.
Q: Are you happy?
A: Yes.
Q: Are you engaged in a legal battle to remain in Switzerland?
A: Not really.
Q: Then you are living underground and keeping on the move because somebody would like you to not be here?
A: The Swiss are too civilized to want me languishing behind bars. They just want me to be quiet.
Q: How do you survive moneywise?
A: Gamble.
Q: What kind of gambling?
A: Gambling a lot of precious time for a little bit of space.
Q: Do you receive royalties from your books?
A: Rarely.
Q: What are your plans now?
A: More.

Q: In the U.S., you are unquestionably a folk hero. Does that carry over to here?
A: I question your "unquestionably." Up here in the Alps, it's a family scene. I personally know every "freak" in Switzerland. All forty-nine of them. Most intelligent older Swiss are concerned with the civil rights aspect of "my case."
Q: Have any of these "older Swiss" tried acid?
A: In Europe we have been contacted by several elitist, aristocratic, thoughtfully decadent drug-taking groups of older people who follow traditions which trace back through French poets, German mystics, elegant hashishines, silk-satin opium adepts. It's a deep, wise old continent and quite together at the moment. The only graces lacking here are Mexican grass and California girls.
Q: Do many American travellers seek you out?
A: Yes. That's why you find us underground.
Q: Are you always successful in avoiding being tracked down?
A: In spite of our security, you seem to have found us.
Q: Since you left the U.S., there has been a vacuum in the psychedelic leadership. What is the effect of this vacuum?
A: Good. It is logically and neurologically impossible to have "psychedelic leadership." Viva vacuum!
Q: People attribute that leadership to you.
A: People stick me with a lot of things. It does a little good; it does a little harm.
Q: How do you feel physically?
A: Perfect leaping health, if we overlisten a hashish cough.
Q: Do you have any message to the people back in the U.S.?
A: Hello.



SBA-16012



ST-11048



ST-6364



SBA-16013



SBX-16006



Where
Canadian
Rock Music
is Happening

BUILDING A MOVEMENT

9

montreal. - by Nancy Sullivan



In 1969 the Women's Liberation Movement of Montreal was a vigorous organization. Today, the Movement as an overall organization is defunct, especially with the demise of the Women's Center in October, 1971. Nevertheless, more and more women are interested in getting together to work out their shared experiences and to try and change their existence in a male oriented society. What happened to the Movement, where is it at now. Anne, who has been involved in its development, gave me a brief history of the Movement and particularly the Women's Center, which is now a commune.

The Women's Movement in Montreal surfaced as such in the fall of 1969 at about the time Marlene Dixon came to Montreal. Meetings were organized at McGill and the University Settlement, attended by 60-80 women. They tried to express what was making them angry and what they could do to change their life styles and societal attitudes towards women. These meetings were by no means ideologically united. Various groups - secretaries who asked for equal pay for equal work, Young Socialists who later split and formed the Abortion Group, married housewives and university students were all meeting together. Despite these different orientations, these women all had common experiences. The meetings went on for about 10 months, but it soon became evident that the opposing views on how to bring about change were causing a great deal of friction. Together for the first time in a group whose aims were primarily political, the women were often uneasy with each other. Some found it hard to speak openly for fear of being accused of being reactionary.

Those who believed in working through the system as constructed, those who wanted to create a movement based on radical feminism, and socialist women who wanted to work towards an alliance with the working class and other oppressed groups, were at loggerheads. Women were uneasy with each other; they found it hard to speak openly for fear of being accused of being reactionary.

In September of 1970 the Women's Center on Ste. Famille became the focal point of the Movement. Essentially it was a place where women could meet each other and talk. Committees were set up with specific goals eg. day care, abortion, etc. New women were coming to the Center each week for orientation meetings, so the ideas of the Women's Liberation Movement were spreading by word of mouth. Several consciousness raising groups were formed, hundreds of women were helped by the abortion referral service, and a couple of public demonstrations were held.

The next evolutionary phase involved the question of the place of these women, who were English-speaking, in Quebec. This became a major issue in the early spring of 1971. The

cont'd on pg. 13

toronto. - by Sylvia Levine

A personal recollection of the Toronto Women's Liberation Movement as it existed until the first days of 1970.

The Toronto Women's Liberation Movement began in the winter of 1968, a hodge-podge of women from various new-left organizations in Canada and the United States. Originally a study group (vaguely connected with the Canadian Union of Students and Rochdale) on the role of women in society, it quickly grew to the women's liberation movement that needed to be. The eight or ten original women grew to forty or fifty in a few short months, none knowing what to expect or what to demand from a women's group.

We were all used to organizations, we were all aware, in Marxist terms, of the oppressed masses, of the need for consciousness-raising among the working people on the nature of their oppression. And we were painfully aware of the hierarchy within so-called revolutionary groups that left women in the traditional role of office worker: stamp-lickers, typists, phone-answerers. But I do believe that many or most of us believed we had special, not-very-oppressive relationships with the men we knew, and that each of us was unique in that way. We had not really begun to examine our personal lives. And the competitive, distrustful attitude of women towards each other was present in those first two or three meetings.

Our first decision was not to have a hierarchy at all; we stuck to that decision which was fundamental in building the strong sisterhood that grew to exist between us.

Painful, trying, and exciting times arose from this beginning. All of us had been socialized into a strong follow-the-leader approach to organizations. Some of us had developed loud, impressive voices--probably the result of never being listened to in groups. The others were quite willing to rally round these impressive-sounding women and call them leaders. And I remember so clearly the meeting when we first acknowledged that none of us were any more capable or aware than any other one of us, when the loud-voiced women asked us to bear with them for being pushy. We each thought that someone else really had it together. We rotated chairladies each week and we all learned how to take the responsibility.

Our first project was for one person to prepare a paper on a topic of interest to women, and to deliver it to the group for discussion. Psychology and the family were the subjects for two early papers. The discussions following these papers opened up our sharing of personal histories, so important in the friendships that arose in our group. The papers themselves were the same material manifestations of the logical thought processes we had suspected existed in female heads.

An event in early spring that year marked our first action: a beauty contest in downtown Toronto awarding a university scholarship to the winner, and sponsored by an appliance store. We worked well together; we made a serious impression on that contest with our placards, pamphlets, mannequins painted to look like cuts of beef, and our own contestant. But most important, sitting in a café warming our toes afterwards, we looked around at a coffee-house full of sisters and realized that we had power, that we were important, that we had a voice with something to say.

We grew so quickly with such a cross-section of women that a serious difference in perspective was inevitable. A split occurred between those women who felt that a total

cont'd on pg. 13

fcc

This issue of Logos brings the first pages from the Feminist Communication Collective, which will be a regular part of Logos from now on.

The Feminist Communication Collective is a group of women who believe there is enough happening in Montreal to say that there is a potential viable Women's Movement here, and feel that getting some regular form of communication opened up is a start toward getting everyone together, which is a start toward working together to better our common lot.

This issue is built around consciousness raising and the Women's Movement in Montreal, using very personal statements from women involved in individual and group consciousness raising.

In the process of getting this issue together we found that there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands - if we had time to search them out - of women in regularly-held consciousness raising sessions. This is a better base for a Women's Movement than the large meetings of 50 or more women that used to constitute an attempt at building a mass movement.

We have included an article about Toronto, and will include at least one article on another Canadian center in every issue, with the same principle in mind, finding out what's happening with other women, getting it all together, learning from each other's experiences.

Future issues are planned around women in the professions, a literature and poetry issue - to serve as a beginning outlet for the many women who are writing really fine things with nowhere to start getting published; a women and medicine issue - telling about women's experiences with various branches of the healing arts- gynaecologists, psychiatrists- and alternatives to having to go through the establishment medical structures.

We are open to ideas that women would like to see gone into on these pages. Our orientation is local, what's happening here.

Arcmtl scan 2015

help yourself!

10

logos/m.c.p. montreal oct. 1972

BY HILARY DICKINSON

To live authentically means, roughly, to live a life of your own-- to make your own evaluations and choices, assuming full responsibility for your own happiness and well-being.

To live inauthentically is to suppress your full humanity-- to deny your flesh-and-blood existence as a being possessed of conscience, awareness, ability to choose-- and to simulate an object, a thing to be used. To allow another person, a society or system to assume responsibility for your life, to assent to (or reject) societal values uncritically is to live an unexamined, unfulfilled existence.

It seems obvious from the emergence of so many groups devoted to personal and social liberation, such as Black Power, Women's Lib., etc., that many people want to live authentically. In attempting to do so, they usually find themselves in conflict with society. This is to be expected. The status quo depends upon and fosters people who do not assume full responsibility for their own existence but unwittingly accept life as object-- as cogs in a machine. If too many people realize that we are not in actual fact as free as we've been led to believe, but oppressed and manipulated, there's going to be trouble. The myths and deceptions which prevent us from attaining real freedom will become apparent.

For instance, if we respond to situations in ways that, although acceptable to society, cause us to experience inner conflict or feelings of oppression, society usually encourages us to believe that these emotions are due to personal inadequacy or mental instability. In my view this interpretation is generally false. I believe that the dehumanization of people is caused by the demands of a society whose imperative to blind economic growth, takes precedence over concern for real, human needs.

If we can begin to understand the various forms of deception our society attempts to impose on the individual, we can begin to experience freedom, rid ourselves of unnecessary quilts and other complexes, and live a more meaningful, more intense life.

Authentic living involves choice. You're free to choose your responsibilities. Inauthentic living forces you to accept so-called responsibilities which are thrust upon you and which you may not wish to accept or even be capable of handling.

MYTHS

In an attempt to express these ideas concretely, I would like to recount some personal experiences which may illustrate them and describe some of society's myths and deceptions as I have encountered them in my own life.

At the age of fifteen my family unwittingly subordinated my real needs by shackling me with the responsibility of raising my dead sister's child. To them I appeared to be the logical choice: my mother had died the previous year, other relatives were not available to accept the responsibility, my brother was busy with his own career. Because I had been raised to accept irrevocably the decisions of parents, teachers and society in general, I didn't question the situation. For almost two years I raised the child and worked as an unpaid housekeeper and part-time employee in my father's business. In the evenings I attended courses at the local college and tried to live the life of a normal teenager.

These excessive responsibilities finally forced me to think. It occurred to me that the amount of work I was expected to do should not be handled by an unaided person. And it seemed to me that I should have a salary to spend as I pleased. When I spoke to my father about this he called me ungrateful. Hadn't I a roof over my head and plenty of food? Why should I expect more? Half persuaded that my requests were unreasonable, I still suffered from exhaustion and had nightmares about trying to escape. But in my waking hours I knew I had no skills, no training and little education which could help me become independent from my father.

My boyfriend tried to make me realize that I was being exploited. Although I tended to agree with him I still felt guilty for plotting to leave my family. Despite my lack of training I got a job when the child was in school and saved every penny of my earnings to help realize my plan.

At seventeen I left home to live with my boyfriend and we married a year later. My reason for leaving home was not mainly to escape my responsibilities. It was rather an intuitive feeling of suffocation which told me that I had to get out if I was to live a real life, a life of my own making. To leave my lonely father and a child who depended on me was extremely upsetting. My conscience would have been clearer had I stayed-- so effective was my conditioning. I remember telling myself, "If I don't leave with A... (the boyfriend) I'll never be free." Meaning I was relying on him to liberate me.

As a child and as a young boy he had shown a completely independent spirit which I admired. He was often in trouble with parents and teachers for disputing their right to control him. The courageous way he stood up for his own rights impressed me. Besides, here was a chance to defy my father who had warned me never to bring him to our home...in fact, never to see him at all. The reason he gave me was that this boy was strange, a lone wolf, aggressive and rebellious.

My life was not easy during the time we lived together. We were both virtually children, at different stages of development. I wanted to get married. He was only sixteen and naturally wanted to remain free. Often I stayed home alone while he went to dances or parties. After I'd paid my share for food and rent, the rest of my earnings went to my boyfriend so that he could buy a motorbike. Although I really wanted to use the money in other ways I went along with his request.

Although this boy at first was a liberating influence, he was now using me as my family had used me-- and I was allowing him to do so. I began to think of him as my father, or family substitute who took all my resources and

gave me little in return. Again I experienced the same inner stress as I slipped back into my old pattern. He increasingly made decisions for me. Finally without consulting my father surrogate, I decided to study to be a nurse. He was furious at this act of independence. He expended a lot of energy trying to convince me that I'd make a terrible nurse. Eventually I was persuaded to content myself with being a good little girlfriend, to stay at home and knit when I wasn't busy at work. When I expressed any opinion or tried to pursue interests of my own, my boyfriend accused me of wasting time, of not being interested in his life, etc. I began to retreat into a world of my own.

A year and a half later he left me and emigrated to Canada. I went to live with my boyfriend's mother, feeling homeless and abandoned. Marriage was out of the question, my boyfriend had told me before he left. Three weeks later he sent a letter proposing marriage. After the initial impulse to refuse, I hastily packed and joined him in Winnipeg. By the time I arrived I learned that he had changed his mind. He wanted me to stay in Winnipeg-- but to live alone. I reacted by bursting into tears and begging him to marry me. Finally, when he realized how afraid and unhappy I was, he agreed to keep his original promise.

Throughout these events it didn't occur to me that I was being abused. My circumstances were extreme, but I believe they parallel those of many oppressed people, who are often unaware that they are being mistreated. Fear prevents them from seeing the truth. They underestimate their own ability to live independently. There may, of course, be an element of realism in some of their fears. Excessive oppression, however, may force a person to examine some of her/his unrealistic fears. It is a pity that many people must experience extreme anguish before they are forced to think.

My husband decided he must return to school and have freedom to paint. I subordinated my own needs by putting him through university and by supplying moral and financial support while he tried to become self-supporting in a number of careers.

Nevertheless, the situation was tense. There were constant arguments. Friends told me that I should not allow myself to be exploited. I found excuses for him, attributing-- for example-- his uncontrollable outbursts of bad temper to the fact that he had been an adopted child. My activities on his behalf left little energy for my own problems. I directed all my resources towards keeping him happy and productive. His successes were my rewards; his failures my own.

This vicarious life kept me busy. I told myself that there would be time to do all the things I wanted to do later, when my husband was rich and famous. After several years I found it difficult to remember what these things were. My situation was contradictory because my raison d'être decreased proportionately with my husband's success.

It seems to me that my situation then paralleled that of many employees in the labour force: the more successful their employer became, the less he needed their diminishing potential because they have become desiccated by living a vicarious existence. As far as the employer or the system is concerned, the only value of such individuals is then as a consumer.

The time came inevitably when my husband's intellectual development exceeded my own. While I was working in an office, he was painting, writing plays, developing friendships, and although he still needed me he was growing less dependent. I'd reached the stage where I needed his dependency because I was empty and unfulfilled as a person. I was not my own woman. Our relationship had become symbiotic-- to use the psychological term for a human relationship where one or both partners are robbed of integrity by emotional dependency.

The relationship between the individual and society is often symbiotic in this sense. The individual emotionally dependent on society ultimately defeats himself by mistaking the image, which society offers him, for his real self. In such relationships it is difficult to distinguish one's appeasing pseudo-responses from genuine impulses. This may lead to a confused state in which the individual seems to be going in all directions at once in a frantic attempt to preserve integrity. In this stage one may also become obsessively perfectionistic or compulsively acquisitive, in the mistaken belief that one is either doing something wrong or lacks some material thing which will 'remedy' the situation, or behave in self-destructive ways in a futile attempt to compensate for the lack of a real life.

SEX-SEEKING

Sex-seeking is such a substitute for authentic living. To quote from Betty Frieden's *The Feminine Mystique* (1963):

"Sex is the only frontier open to women who have always lived within the confines of the feminine mystique. In the past fifteen years, the sexual frontier has been forced to expand perhaps beyond the limits of possibility to fill the time available, to fill the vacuum created by denial of larger goals and purposes..."

The feminine mystique deceives women in the same way other social myths deceive both men and women, and obscures the way to authentic living.

But there can be no substitute for the authentic life. I tried to find substitutes and became more confused, unhappy, and difficult to live with. My husband attributed this to lack of education and congenial work. He believed that if I were to study at university I would probably be able to decide what my true interests were and to equip myself to teach, or do something that would give me more enjoyment.

Because my confidence was shattered, I refused to consider his suggestion. His threats to leave unless I complied (that possibility always frightened me) made me change my mind.

To my surprise, I did extremely well in the first course I took, but the whole system of education as I experienced it at Sir George Williams University appalled me. Most of my professors seemed half-alive, depressed and hopeless; others sounded like slick advertising executives. They appeared to be there for reasons of status and financial security, not to spread enlightenment. If they possessed visible human qualities they inevitably got fired, in one such case suffering permanent disability.

As I stated previously, social myths are not easily seen through. I had been raised in the naive belief that universities were institutes of learning where one might begin to develop a considered view of life, where one's capacity to think might grow. However, I found students and faculty either cynical in their attitudes or colourless conformists. Few conveyed any sense of serious purpose. Why did the cynics, who said they felt like guardians in an institute for the mentally retarded continue to teach in what they often referred to as a play-pen? Fear appeared to be their main motivation-- fear of living in a world without the status given to them by the university they despised.

But I was just as weak. I persevered with my studies without any sense of enjoyment, largely because of my husband.

CHEATED

Finally, I began to think I had been cheated, deceived into believing that there was something at the end of all this. I saw people equipped with degrees to teach in educational systems which they soon found oppressive, incapable of fulfilling the true needs of the young people. I saw these same people become angry, neurotic individuals. I saw others acquire M.A.'s and doctorates and become bitter when they saw others without these 'bits of paper' doing all the things they ever wanted to do regardless of degrees and special qualifications.

Unwittingly they had sold themselves on another of society's myths. As far as I can see, these institutions offer little to a person who wishes to live authentically, their main function being to act as holding pens for young people who might otherwise be unemployed. They are an excellent 'personnel training' facility.

Despite these reservations, my morbid dependency on my husband and my fear of isolation prevented me from quitting the university. He took more interest in me, praised me, and seemed genuinely proud of my small achievements. I didn't quit the university until after I had left him.

I had felt for a long time like a rat in a maze, the degree substituting for the cheese. When I worked in the language laboratory I felt even more like a caged animal. I wondered when they'd get around to giving one electric shocks through the earphones when one responded incorrectly. Half-way through this language course I was informed that if I continued to ignore the time clock I would not get a credit. I had no idea what this time-clock was until I discovered that, to give students incentive to visit the laboratory, a time-clock, such as those used in factories to record workers' attendance, had been installed. I was expected to punch in and out. This was too much to take. To be treated like a child or a factory worker, to receive a pat on the head and a credit at the end of it was degrading. I never went back and felt and continue to feel great relief.

BUREAUCRACY

This wasn't the end of my encounter with "Higher Education". I began to wonder how many more people felt as cheated as I. I made some enquiries and got the impression that the percentage of drop-outs was high. I tried to obtain more precise information by itemizing my complaints and posing several questions in a letter addressed to the principal. The response, in bureaucratic fashion, came not from the man to whom I'd addressed the letter but from his right-hand man, the vice-principal. I wrote again and requested a reply from the person to whom I had addressed my letter. It came. The principal referred me to regulations which had nothing to do with either my questions or the points of principle I had raised. I restated my questions in simpler form and to date have not received a reply. In other words I asked questions calculated to rock the boat a little and I was apparently written off.

The system tries to tell us that without it we are nothing: our qualities don't count, we will not survive without its approval and support. This is another deception which is difficult to see through. You're not encouraged to look for alternatives because if your energies and resources go elsewhere-- what happens to the system?

So it is in personal relationships. Women in particular are encouraged to be dependent, to rely on marriage for their emotional security and fulfillment. When they do this they may end up either as servants to their husband and family, devoting themselves to people who don't need or want their constant ministrations; or they become vacant, resentful and bored.

This happened in my experience. My husband said: "Without me you're nothing", the university said, "Without a degree what are you, what can you do?" This myth kept me chained to man and institution while my integrity shrivelled and I hated myself for my weakness.

At last I made a break. I left my husband; shortly after that I was able to leave both my job and Sir George Williams University. I felt they were robbing me of real life, but this was not a calm, rational evaluation. Not surprisingly my first reaction was panic. All the fears encouraged by my husband, the job situation and Sir George came crowding in. What had I done? Could I survive? I felt guilty, but resisted the urge to return to my previous marital and job situations. Somehow with very little money and the help of friends I survived the next few months.

The days flew by, and apart from periods of panic and self-pity, I began to feel more whole, more integrated. I felt less guilty as my husband's influence became less strong. I was still oppressed by a feeling of

11

logos/m.c.p. montreal oct. 1972

failure which I couldn't analyse. I knew I was fairly intelligent, that I wanted to develop, that I was capable of creating a better life for myself. But what was wrong?

* Fortunately, at this stage I began to read works by writers concerned with the liberation of people. I read Eric Fromm, Frederick Engels, Bertrand Russell, the feminist writers: Greer, Frieden, de Beauvoir. I found a collection of essays written by women which Vivian Gornick and Barbara Moran had gathered together in a book called, *Women in Sexist Society: Struggles in Power and Powerlessness*. I read Hoffman, Rubin and Angela Davis and a collection of essays dealing with the effects of an alienating society on people.

Something I had been too obtuse to realize before, began to emerge. These writers told me more or less the same thing: that many of my "emotional problems", feelings of guilt, oppression and manipulation were caused by a dehumanizing society that had sold me a myth. They showed me how that society encourages the kind of bad faith that persuades us to allow our energy and resources to be syphoned off into the system to our personal detriment. We are encouraged, they said, to barter our right to BE in exchange for money and status. When we repress our real human needs, society tells us we are failures, or insane. If we persist in demanding that society change to serve the needs of men and women we are imprisoned and tortured.

Although I had, like most people, felt outrage and despair at the Kent State affair, the Chicago Trials, the imprisonment and trial of Angela Davis, and a thousand other incidents, I hadn't fully grasped who was responsible for all this injustice. I could never bring myself to believe that the process of "law" was anything but just.

I had lived a life of complete mystification until the veils began to fall from my eyes. I couldn't deny any longer that the institutions of our society were largely corrupt. Justice and freedom had little meaning within present-day law courts, universities, or marriage.

I felt I'd been sitting astride the fence for too long. Now was the time to choose a direction and declare myself. In other words, I tried to define my own philosophy and live it--making choices, taking responsibility for the consequences and working towards my own freedom. There's nothing outside society except what one creates. Others are looking for alternatives--such a life need not be led in isolation.

TO SURVIVE

My husband was genuinely concerned when he said: "You'll never survive on your salary." I realized that his thinking had been controlled by something outside himself, by the rewards and punishments of society. It didn't occur to him that I wouldn't survive by continuing to substitute his, or society's approval and judgement for my own beliefs and feelings.

To judge for myself, to think critically and make my own decisions had not been encouraged by husband, university or job. My husband often laughingly told me not to think, that he had brains for the two of us. Was I also to believe the myth that my THINKING was being done for me by highly-skilled specialists, employed by society to relieve us of that burden? The university guaranteed to reward me if I turned in a number of essays and a minimum of 60% in exams. Certainly, in my job situations I was expected to be the servant of men whose aims I had no say in.

To obey, to be the instrument of other people is normal behavior for wage-slaves. Such a life is without conscience. The man building a high-way doesn't seriously consider whether he should be building it, building something else or building nothing. His questions are limited to how much money he will get for this job and how quickly he can get it done. Such attitudes are obviously incompatible with a life of personal integrity.

I'd had enough of this subservient existence. I began to live more authentically. My physical and material resources grew because they weren't drained away in support of another's existence or in "escaping" from my own. In the past year and a half I've worked in a job only for half that time, which gave me opportunity to direct my energy to those activities which truly interested me. My life is more full, more truly my own.

As I progressed through a transitory stage, other myths and deceptions became apparent. Among those affecting women, for example, was the myth of the vaginal orgasm--exploded by Greer, Frieden and others.

The myth that leads women to believe that they can't possibly be fulfilled unless they experience childbirth and motherhood, causes tremendous suffering to many females. Any woman who has children and also finds stimulation in developing her human potential in other ways will agree that child-raising is not the only satisfactory way to use one's creative potential.

One should also be aware of idealizing a "woman's intuition"-- it's mainly the slavish ability to anticipate a master's needs by non-verbal signs.

The fallacy that women cannot think logically is sustained mainly by insecure men-- those men who fear to lose status or financial security to women-- who become particularly defensive when they meet an intelligent woman. If we are capable of following, let alone instigating, an abstract argument, we are given the back-handed compliment of "thinking like a man". Education and training are at fault here. There is no reason to remain incapable of using abstract reasoning as opposed to intuitive processes to make decisions, etc. We may need to re-train and educate ourselves but it's impossible to become as capable of analytical thought as any man.

cont'd on Pg. 12

C.R.-JANICE

The way I was before consciousness raising is represented by an image of myself. I remember standing at a bus stop a few years ago and being acutely aware that I was imprisoned. I couldn't see the bars and I didn't know who put them there and I had no way of escaping. I was locked into one life view and lifestyle and I was unhappy.

Last summer I was travelling and stopped into a bookstore to pick up a book for a plane ride home. I was attracted by the "Female Eunuch". I had never given women's lib a thought except to relate the whole issue to bra-burners. For the first time I was reading a book about me. I was exhilarated and returned home to preach the word. I rushed to see Germaine Greer and was so thrilled that I skipped work the next day to see her in person at the union ballroom. The first evening a sheet was handed out from Montreal consciousness raising groups with a phone number. Timidly I phoned. At the first meeting there were nine women and by the second the number had dwindled to five women. Both times I felt like a fish out of water with nothing in common with the other women. When my turn to speak came I felt scared and conspicuous and it was difficult for me to pay attention to those

who came before me. After the second meeting I walked to the bus stop with Dianne. I liked her and in our conversation I kept thinking, yes, that's me too. I guess it was this encounter which propelled me to the third meeting which was an entirely new group. There were five women from a group that had broken up and two more women who were new to consciousness raising. Everyone else looked to me to be confident and aggressive, some knew each other and they talked over different experiences.

We are collectively single, divorced, married and separated. We are secretary, housewife, artist, occupational therapist, teacher, student, store clerk, social worker and professor. We live alone, in a commune, with husband and kids, with parents and with kids and no husband. Our ideas and values are as different as our lifestyles. For a couple of months we hid from one another, felt a certain strangeness, didn't see one another outside the group, but felt a kind of bond arising which makes us keep coming back. We meet at different homes each week. Gradually I can discern what I like. I like the feeling that I am accepted no matter what. There is no censorship and no value judgements. I like to see my narrow vistas broadened by hearing about things which normally I don't come into contact with. There is a feeling of trust evolving. I can do something with my impatience and anger as I see from the new perspective of life per-

sisterhood. I don't feel so alone, so different.

Then it happens, my crisis meeting. We are sitting in Stanje's kitchen on cushions, the gas stove is on and there is no heat because a water pipe has burst. Stanje starts to talk about institutions and I flare up. We throw words back and forth. Then the question is asked of me - why do I react like that after all? I am me and not a role. I have no answer and I want one. It is this challenge, shocking honesty, this feeling that nothing is too sacred to be explored which propels me on through the following months. At the same time many women go through crises in their lives. We muster our forces to find help - doctors, lawyers, agencies, fresh ideas or sometimes when the situation seems intolerable, just our presence. We go on group outings to the museum, out to eat, to Mont Royal, to one another's homes. As different as we saw ourselves to be, we came to identify with one another. We live in an atmosphere of change, expectation and hope. Slowly, week after week, we try and ascertain how as women we are unique, how we relate and be as women. We discuss alternate life styles and the idea of a women's commune comes up. We are horrified, some of us at first, but as the months go on a women's commune seems to be the solution to many of our questions, and we decide to get into it. We decide that consciousness raising is the belief that what happens to each of us is not our unique problem but rather a shared result of our condition as women.

help...from pg. 11

Most readers will probably be aware of job discrimination as it applies to women, black people and other so-called second class citizens, so I'd rather not deal with this subject. What I would like to mention, though, is the anger or the despair of millions of capable, intelligent people who are forced to do all kinds of menial, soul-destroying work. They need help.

Most women are trained to believe that work is something to fill in the time between school and marriage. But the fact remains: child-bearing and the raising of children occupy only about a third of our productive life. Those fortunate women who find work in a career or profession where they can use their intellect, and some creativity invariably fit in domestic responsibilities without any fuss or trouble. They are more stimulating, happy individuals to boot.

Women tell me of how sick they are of pandering to men. If they are direct, men accuse them of being aggressive; if they stoop to using feminine wiles to get what they need, they feel compromised.

By living simply I have freed myself to do those things which give me satisfaction. Consequently I am more relaxed, happy and able to cope with problems objectively in a calm state of mind. I find encouragement and stimulation in talking to those women who, rather than concerning themselves with status and security, are eager to become personally liberated. I would recommend any woman join a "liberation" group-- if only for curiosity. You don't have to be a bitch or a lesbian to feel the need to become liberated. If people call you either of these names when you try to organize yourself they are ignorant, stupid and to be pitied. If being called either of these names hurts you, I believe you would definitely benefit by joining a group.

Learn to trust other women, especially those whose consciousness permits them to realize they are being treated like second-class citizens and are doing something about it. Such women are not your competitors-- they are your allies. They'll help you to help yourself and if you're really in a fix, they'll respond with strong support.

The time has passed when women are content to make "him" feel good at "her" expense. Evidence seems to indicate that most of us are ready to try to live real lives. The pain of getting there is rather like childbirth-- it was hell at the time but afterwards you know it was worth it.

CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING



C.R.- GAY WOMEN

LINDA PAGE-HOLLANDER

Assumptions

Feminists, gay women, and gay men should have a lot to talk about. We all reject the idea that sex (biological) should determine sex role (social). We all face discrimination, either because we are the "wrong" sex, or because we deviate from prescribed sexual activity, or both. Sexism is the common enemy which should make us "natural" allies.

We each form an oppressed grouping in that we live in a patriarchal society where women are not "real" unless they are fucked by men and subsequently devote their lives to the issue of this pseudo-union; and where men are not "real" unless they fuck women in a way often indistinguishable from fucking them over. Traditionally, to "come-out", in a play on its debutante variation, means to admit to oneself and to the homosexual community that one is gay ("gay" includes both homosexual and bisexual). Nowadays, a second "coming out" involves public acknowledgement of one's gayness, and a willingness to face society's disapproval in hopes of asserting that "gay is good". Women also experience a rite de passage when they admit their interest in women's liberation-- their husbands, bosses, and other women greet this "coming out" with varying degrees of opprobrium. Mutual support of women and gays would ease the difficulty of taking this step. We have heard and read and written enough polemic. What we need now is some careful analyses of sexism, research into sex, sexuality and sex-role differences, and the kind of organizing that builds political alliances-- that is, hard work.

Actions

I helped to start a seminar on sexism based on these assumptions, and discovered that I had to revise them. Participants included women, some of them gay, with varying degrees of exposure to women's liberation, and men, almost all gay. The first meetings consisted of people talking platitudes, or simply not understanding each other's definitions. The subject of women's liberation received cursory attention. When I tried to present a deeper view which was, I thought, only partly autobiographical, I discovered that some gay men are threatened by a feminist criticism of the non-sexual aspects of sex roles. I was told I should examine my unconscious motives (presumably with the help of a psychoanalyst) for questioning nuclear families and the role of "wife" in them. This was not the general reaction from gay men, and the situation was unusually tense on this particular night because of the appearance of a vocal, aggressively straight man (who nonetheless was at the meeting because he had been picked up by one of the men there). But it showed me that basic, first-stage consciousness-raising is necessary before men (even gay men) and women can work together on more advanced projects.

Most of our time was spent on gay topics-- reading the gay manifesto and gay novels, summarising biological and psychological approaches to homosexuality, and touching on aspects of our own experiences. But people never pushed the discussions, never asked the hard questions. So we divided into groups, the women in one and the men in another. The men's meetings, I am told, became predominantly consciousness-raising sessions, for which there was so much enthusiasm that the schedule was changed to twice a week. The women, however, exhibited the same lack of enthusiasm as before. The meetings fizzled and died without fanfare after about a month.

See LOGOS
inna streets, y'all!



Cont'd. on pg. 15

-by m. gannouchio

Home towns are very often the last places in the world to appreciate an artist, and- hopefully- this won't be the case with Montreal film-maker Morrie Ruvinsky. Ruvinsky's hour-and-a-half feature, *The Finishing Touch*, is having its world premier at the Cinema de Vieux Montréal on Sept. 22nd and, as the "son" of his controversial and critically-acclaimed earlier work, *The Plastic Mile*, it should prove to be an interesting experience.

Author of *Communication and the Arts*, President Max, and *A Poem for Jeremiah*, Ruvinsky directed his first feature (*The Plastic Mile*, 1969) with only the previous experience of having made a single ten minute short.

"I had been doing a lot of writing and a lot of still photography, and I had always been interested in film...I just decided that the time had come to make films.

Three of us were sitting around the University of British Columbia one day and someone said 'Let's make a movie'...We all agreed that it would be kind of a gas to do, so we told some other people about it and momentum built up. Because I had made a ten minute short, I had the most experience so I became the director. Our sound man was chosen because he had a really good stereo system, so we figured he knew a lot about sound. It all really happened by itself and before we knew it, we were shooting"

But what about the money? The technical equipment? You just can't make a movie like that- out of nowhere...

"People were exceedingly kind to us. It had been a long time since someone had shot a film in Vancouver and everyone got excited. People gave us all kinds of free equipment trips and cut rates...films, favours at the lab... When we needed money, I went down to the bank near U.B.C. The manager was a beautiful guy who had subsidised a lot of poets, artists... He had seen stories about us in the paper and lent us some money. When we needed more, I went back and he lent us some more."

The low budget film is a modern phenomenon that has had an almost revolutionary effect on films and the film industry. Although feature films are far from easily accessible to everyone, shoe-string producers like Morrie Ruvinsky have shown that it is possible to produce a quality feature-length film with a combination of ability, determination and luck. Shot in 16mm, *The Plastic Mile* cost \$7,000, with another \$5,000 necessary when it was blown up to 35mm. This money was raised privately, but now- with the formation of the Canadian Film Development Corporation (who will put up half the funds for a feature film)- Canada and the world can look forward to some substantial beginnings for the Canadian film industry.

"Canadian film will soon come to occupy a leading role in international film. But still it remains for foreign countries to see and praise our films before they are accepted domestically. Fortunately Canada will always be short of the kind of capital that fosters elaborate technique in place of conceptual developments. It is to be hoped that we will develop a distinctive commercial and artistic cinema of our own."

But making a film is only half the battle. In the end, it all comes down to distribution. What happens to the small Canadian film-maker trying to distribute his film in this country and internationally?

"You starve to death. Canada doesn't support its own film-makers. It's the kiss of death, usually, at the box office, to advertise something as a Canadian film (and I'm talking about English films- the French scene is completely different for a large number of reasons). There is no general support of English films, and this means that most film-makers can't get any films shown in Canada. And if you can't show them in Canada, people in the rest of the world are naturally sceptical towards them. But it's picking up slowly but surely. It's still a very young experience here."

finishing



The Plastic Mile was invited to the Berlin and Edinburgh Film Festivals and was very well received. Then came an invitation from the Vancouver Film Festival, but Vancouver showed itself to be not quite the cosmopolitan city that it thinks it is. The artistic culmination and dramatic high-point of the film is a love scene just near the end. The entire movie is a building up of energy that reaches a climax in this scene, and it was exactly that part that the government of British Columbia censor wanted to cut. Ruvinsky's absolute refusal resulted in turmoil and division.

"Vancouver is essentially a small provincial town, in spite of the publicity they send back East. The censor they had there was thought of as being a very liberal man, when in fact he was a very nice, middle-of-the-road person. Censorship in Vancouver is a little more liberal than the censorship we used to have here in Quebec.

The Festival was doing poorly in terms of ticket sales except for *The Plastic Mile*. It was a big thing...The first film to have been made in Vancouver in a long time...everyone was talking about it...there was a lot of publicity. The showing was on Friday night and on Thursday morning I got a call from the Festival people saying that the censor wanted to make some cuts. I said 'no way', hung up, and went back to sleep. People said 'Don't make trouble. We'll get someone stricter.' And that's one of the bastions of conservatism: people say- 'It's not bad now,

maybe it'll get worse,' and never think that it can get better.

Anyway, phone calls started going back and forth. The Festival committee at first decided that it was a matter of principle- the film-maker has the right to exhibit his film the way it was made. They said all the right things... Took all the appropriate stands. So the film-censor, who was providing his services for free- you have to pay money to have your film censored- said, 'You'll all get arrested and next year I'll charge you fees,' and suddenly people started to reconsider whether the artist's right was tantamount or not. The Festival committee took a vote and decided that they would definitely show the film, and the film-censor said that he would definitely take action. By this time it was half an hour before the show, so I went to the theatre to see my movie, and there were incredible lines because of all the publicity over defying the censor. Then, at the last minute, all except a couple of members of the committee finked out and said they weren't going to show the film. I got furious. People volunteered to do the projection, but in the end I went into the theatre with a group of friends and we occupied the stage as a protest. We brought the five reels onto the stage so that the audience could actually "see" the film, and then I got this incredible idea to cut up the "offending" fifth reel and give pieces out to the audience. If they couldn't see it, they could at least have a piece of the "offending" section. So that's what I did. Some people dug it and others didn't."

This incident was one of many other problems that the Vancouver Film Festival had, and the final result was that the Festival ceased to be. Again Canada had been unable to accept a work that had been well-received in other parts of the world. And Maclean's magazine, in a story on Morrie Ruvinsky, got to label him "The movie-maker who made it in Europe, but was banned in Vancouver."

Ruvinsky believes film to be an organic thing, constantly growing and changing from the writing through the shooting and to the viewing, and he has put this view into practice with the shooting and completion (1971) of *The Finishing Touch*.

'The Finishing Touch'

"Son of *The Plastic Mile*, this film was made possible when a group of Montrealers offered him enough money to turn *Mile* into a new film- a film that they could distribute commercially. That is, shoot some skin'. Originally, *Mile* was a very heavy, abstract piece, but now it is in the words of the film-maker... "more dramatic, much more traditional story-telling". Ruvinsky changed some characters, developed the story-line, kept a few scenes of the original film, and reshot around an hour's worth. And what does he think of the result?

"It's hard to think about my own film..."

Why did the seminar "fail"? I don't use that terminology. I have revised my acceptance of university-oriented criteria of success. The attendance, quality of debate during the

CONT'D

I've seen it too many times. I saw it for the last time about a year ago when we finished cutting it and mixing it, until a couple of weeks ago when there was a special screening in Ottawa. I sat up in the balcony and watched the movie and it was a gas. I really enjoyed it. Of course when I see it now, I think that there are some things that I would do differently if I were to do it now... The guy who wrote it- Phil Sarguy- said (when someone asked him what the film was about) that it was "a moving intellectual and emotional experience and tit show", and I think that that's a really good description. I mean, it's a powerful film...It hits people...it's a good film, that's all."

And what do we think of the result? Friend-of-LOGOS Artie Gobbeneck was at that special showing in Ottawa and wrote us a review, from which the following is excerpted: "The Finishing Touch is a classic case of an independently made film that has taken some time to find an audience; it's a professional-class home movie made outside the system in private houses and borrowed offices over a three week period. Quickly and deftly edited, it had to wait for almost two years before finding a competent distributor.

Shot in black and white, *The Finishing Touch* makes up in visceral involvement what it lacks in technical polish. I could feel the presence of a low budget, but the movie didn't give me enough time to care.

It's about a director, about a lover, while he's trying to direct and to love and to do them as separate things. He can't; it's painful; he loses control. Ruvinsky, the real director, loses no control at all and put me through the pain and dissolution of the non-real(?) director pretty thoroughly. During the movie I thought I was relaxed. By the end I knew I'd been put through a bit more than I had wanted to know about at the time. So that's where the movie takes you and what it's about.

The only bad thing about The Finishing Touch is that it's visibly low-budget, but it made me feel and that's what I ended up caring about more."

About a dozen women are organizing a Women's Crisis Center. For a start, one of the legal aid bureaus have agreed to teach women some of the legal basics. Anyone interested in taking these classes, for their own interest, or with the idea of helping at the crisis center can call Logos or Mia at Women's Counseling Center 277-8172.

We were originally a group of six women who were meeting at regular intervals to discuss our own situations. We had the intention also of doing something for women in the Montreal community. There seemed to be a need to inform women about certain subjects which could or should be important to them. Problems like abortion, work discrimination, birth control and female roles needed to be discussed in neighbourhoods where this kind of information would not otherwise be available.

We therefore requested and received money from OFY to hire six other women (French) to work with us in establishing a Mobile Women's Information Center. Our aim was to collect media information about women and take it around the community. However, when we discovered how little had in fact been done about women in Canada, we became of necessity a production project.

meetings, and length of the series are not the important criteria. What is important is that women met and split off into threes and fours and fives to continue in the kind of setting mentioned above, all informally, for consciousness-raising, radical projects, or friendships. Gay men and feminists (including gay women) will be able to trade support, given a greater equality of consciousness and more solid relationships within each group. The hard work of defining, cataloging, and fighting sexism is being done on the sly. Let us hope that we quickly develop and learn to use channels of communication so we can share what we learn and so make more effective decisions.

I should perhaps mention that we were not in fact as mobile as we had intended to be. Like most OFY groups we had to adapt ourselves to a reality vastly different from the hypothetical situation projected in our proposal.

We have taken our display to shopping plazas and community centers in the Montreal area, and are looking for a permanent place to display some of the exhibit. We have certainly attracted a lot of interest and comment, and we appear to be reaching the kind of people we hoped to. Our feeling, however, is that much more needs to be done by and for women in Montreal. We would especially like to see some sort of central organization established to keep us informed about what other women are doing.

by Kathleen Mary

The Women's Center of the YMCA is more or less autonomous of the general functions and control of the "Y" itself and in October will have been providing information and resources for Montreal women for one year.

The main programs planned for this fall are a single mother's project, which will be an information-referral service, a "back to work" program for older women with vocational counselling, speakers and group discussions, a divorced and separated women's seminar and a series called "Women and the Law" which will examine the relationship between women and Quebec law. There is also a handbook coming out soon on this topic which will be available from the "Y".

The Women's Center also intends to set up a legal clinic for women and hopefully plans to hold a one-night seminar on "Women in Politics". Anyone who can contribute to any of these projects is urged to contact the Women's Center.

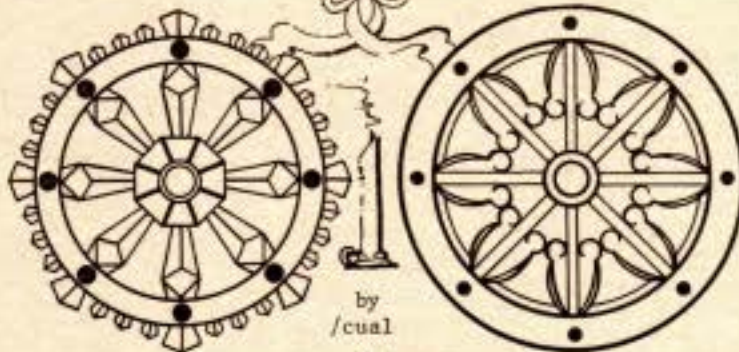
There will be a half-hour radio show each week on Radio McGill conducted by personnel from the Women's Center, starting in September. Also, such on-going projects as the Women's Coalition for Abortion Law Repeal and general vocational, birth control and consciousness raising counselling will continue to be sponsored at the "Y". Any proposals for Winter Works Projects could be coordinated with this Center, so if you have any ideas call 866-9941, local 64, or go down to the Center at 1355 Dorchester Blvd. W.

- by Sandra Stock

As we go to press, disappointing news filters through to our saddened ears. The 'Cinéma de Vieux Montréal', which has been running a festival of Canadian Films of which The Finishing Touch was a part, has cancelled both the festival and the screening of Morrie Ruvinsky's film. Once again the Canadian public has screwed up and refused to accept the works of its Native Sons (or Daughters, as the case may be). We don't blame the 'Cinéma de Vieux Montréal', for at least they tried; the blame lies directly on the viewing public. When are you going to wise up, Canada?

We at LOGOS decided to still run the story on Ruvinisky and The Finishing Touch because we felt that beside illustrating a personal situation, it can also be viewed on the broader level of "The Struggle of The Small Canadian Film-maker". The story outlines the making of the film, the thoughts of its Director, and the problems encountered before, during and after the shooting. Here's another problem for you now, Morrie.

The following is an interview with the Venerable Piyadassi Maha Thera and Lama Tindall which took place last Saturday morning at the Greathart Zen Monastery. Piyadassi is presently on his fifth world tour as a Buddhist missionary, carrying the message of the Buddha wherever he goes. As Editor and founder of the Buddhist Publication Society in Ceylon, he transmits the ideas of the Southern School of Buddhism. He studied at Nalanda College, Ceylon University and at the Center for the Study of World Religions at Harvard. He joined the Sangha at the age of twenty. Lama Tindall is a Master in the succession of Tibetan and Zen Buddhist Schools.



LOGOS: Is Buddhism a religion? or a philosophy? or a way of life? or a Science?

THERA: Now, religion...let us find out what we mean by religion. In the ordinary sense, it is a system of faith and worship owing allegiance to some external God or Brahma or some external agency. The word means a bond between the Creator and the creatures, philosophically. As you know, in Buddhism there is no such permanent everlasting God who punishes and rewards the ill deeds and good deeds of the creatures. But we speak of deities but they are also impermanent. Buddha never approves anything that is permanent and everlasting. So there is no Creator God in Buddhism therefore, in the sense that it is understood today, we cannot call Buddhism a religion.

But if you mean by religion a way of life then of course it is a religion of religions. It is moral, intellectual and spiritual training leading to complete freedom of the mind.

When you question whether it is philosophy, again the word 'philosophy' is two Greek words 'philos' and 'sophia' meaning 'love of wisdom'. There is a lot of philosophy in Buddhism...going in search of knowledge. For the Buddha, there is no philosophy without the practical side. If you're not going to apply your philosophy to life it is meaningless. If you call it a philosophy, it is a practical philosophy, not just theorizing and just false speculation.

Religions should be scientific. They must have the scientific attitude. Now we are in an age when people are not ready to accept things merely because they are in the books or the preacher's nice. Now they want to investigate and to examine to the depths of it...dive deep and see what is beyond the naked eye. In Science, it is always observation and experiment. Without observation and experiment there is no Science. Accumulative, progressive, systematized knowledge obtained through observation and experiment is Science. is the definition... Buddha was the man who spoke about the scientific attitude. He antedated modern science by twenty five centuries when he said: Go on, investigate it. The skeptic will be very pleased to hear of his call. There is a special word in Buddhism: "EHE PASIKku": 'Come and see' not 'Come and believe'. Because this is individual, you cannot give a reckon or enlighten or understanding to another person. The first charter of free thought is in Buddhism... Buddha says: 'Don't accept me just out of respect for me.' He said 'Even my own word, even me you must try to scrutinize and investigate'. You don't find this attitude in any other religion.

Here, Mind...consciousness is the field. In Science they are dealing with things material. Things you can submit to a chemical test in the lab. Of course, Buddha does not neglect the material side. He knows the material side and its own influence on man and the mind. But here we need a buddha, we need a teacher to guide us to get to the deepest recesses of man's consciousness. The entire world is drawn by man's mind.

Again, in Science they always speak of cause and effect. The Buddha's is one of the principal teachings that can find out the cause of things. When you come to the basic teaching, the Four Noble Truths, you find there the effect and then come the causes. If you are aware of conflicts, sufferings, problems, then go to its causes... very scientific... So it has a scientific attitude but Buddhism does not teach Science.

LOGOS: Is Buddhism one doctrine or an aggregate of doctrines?

THERA: We can give one name to the entire teaching of the Buddha: the DHAMMA...the DHARMA. Of course, in that you find the Karma aspect of moral causation, the re-birth aspect, and about the meditations. But all that come into this one word encircles everything: DHARMA.

*

LOGOS: What I mean by doctrines is: what would be the difference between Theravada and Mahayana?

THERA: Theravada is early buddhism though the word is a later thing you don't find in the early buddhism. When you examine the Mahayana, there's a lot of philosophy there. All these great philosophers: Nagarjuna, Vasubandu, Asanga...they are debaters. When you come to the teaching of the Buddha...you find the simpler side or the deeper side. When you come to the real teaching, there is no difference between Mahayana and Theravada. The fundamental teachings are there. As you know, the simpler conception of Buddhism is the Four Truths...the concept of Nirvana... meditation... If you take the monks...their ways, their dress and paraphernalia may differ. This is due to climatic and geographical conditions...

See, when meditation was brought by Bodhidharma from India, the word used in Indian language was DHYANA. ...in Sanskrit and Pali JHANA...but when it came to China they made it CH'AN. When it came to Japan they japanized it ZEN. The language will use different words and they undergo certain changes but the spirit is there. So, when you take the fundamental teachings, they are the same.

*

LOGOS: I find difficulty in accepting that I've read some Mahayana literature that seem to stress devotion to a Buddha that is transfigured into a deity like say Amida or Vajrayana...you pray to this god that he will deliver you and take you to his Western Paradise.

THERA: The problem is that when a great teacher passes away, with the passage of time, the people would like to immortalize him...a big figure. The Buddha was an Indian and there's nothing mysterious about him but people would like to have Big One. And they don't want to see a Buddha passed away. He's living there...is man's own creation this...but of course, when you go higher, you drop these things. The man who comes to grips with the teachings, for him these are nothing, but for ordinary man now in Ceylon you find Big Images like that (pointing to a statue in the temple) but for the man who meditates and who has understood the Dhamma, all of these things are side issues. Once, one of his own disciples was so much attracted by the Buddha's physical beauty, so he just kept gazing at the Buddha. The Buddha found that is all nonsense. He said: Kali, why do you look at my face? This aging body... see the Dharma then through Dharma you will see me really!

In every religion, ordinary man likes to have something that gives him a little inspiration and then the emotional side is developed, but you must be very careful not to only develop the emotional side. There's intellectual and emotional both, and there's a blending, so you must not get lopsided...But he gains something from that...mental peace and then one day he will gradually drop all these things like a child dropping toys and dolls and go higher up. Religion is also like that.

In Ceylon we can't teach the children: "Come on now, study this Noble Truth." no... the first thing we do is: "Come on, now, collect flowers"...like a good boy he'll bring them."Now you're going to the Buddha, you're offering these flowers." He learns how to give up...give not grasping...He learns generosity, gradually.

*

LOGOS: What is the meaning of "Enlightenment" or Bodhi?

How does it compare with what the Western people think of enlightenment or the Great White Light of Tibetan Buddhism? What does it mean...the Light?

TINDALL: I never heard of that...I'm accredited to teach the Tibetan tradition but I never heard of any Great White Light...

LOGOS: Well, in the Tibetan Book of the Dead...

THERA: Milarepa's....

(Confusion)

LOGOS: The Great Light is the first encounter after death...

TINDALL: It's a very misleading phrase...

THERA: You mean the Book of the Dead? Have you read Milarepa's Tibetan Yoga book?

LOGOS: Yes!

THERA: It's wonderful that... Evans-Wentz...(laughter)

Enlightenment you can interpret in various ways but, of course, the real meaning in both Mahayana and Theravada is understanding the realization of the Four Truths concerning man. That is: There's suffering or conflicts, it's cause, it's destruction, and the way to remove it. Coming to grips with these truths.

That's is why the Buddha is called 'Buddha' which means 'Enlightened', one who has realized these truths, other things are side issues, and logical developments.

TINDALL: ...or psychological experiences but not deep. These momentary experiences which may or may not occur in the life of a meditator should not be equated with enlightenment. These are experiences, and these experiences happen to people on drugs sometimes, they happen to people outside Buddhist traditions in other religious traditions, and they happen uncalled-for, to farmers, hunters, soldiers, businessmen, housewives, children, experiences such as what could be called experiencing the Great White Light spoken of by Meister Eckhardt, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, St. Francis and many other mystics...I imagine Sufi mystics...Eskimos too...Polynesians...This should not be equated with enlightenment.

THERA: Enlightenment is an ideal state of moral and intellectual perfection.

LOGOS: Could a trance be equated with this Great White Light?

THERA: You cannot say that a trance is a must for Enlightenment. It's only just a lower stage. You can attain first trance, second trance, third trance, but you are not in a state of security. You may come down any moment. You know, when you come to higher and higher stages, you throw away even Dharma. Let alone adharma.

LOGOS: What is the meaning of Nirvana?

THERA: We can talk about Nirvana. I can give very smart answers to this question of Nirvana, but we are only theorizing... only words. It's a thing to be realized. A man who does not know the taste of sugar, if we wanted to explain to him the taste of sugar, we can't write a book on the chemistry of sugar and say: read this book. He'll read the book from beginning to end, he knows the chemistry of sugar but not the taste. But if we just place a small lump of it here at the tip of the tongue, he understands what is this.

So, Nirvana we can say is complete mental health. None of us are complete...we don't have complete mental health. We may be physically fit but mentally, we are all sick people.

Take the second Noble Truth which is the causes of these problems and conflicts. The three root causes: man's greed or thirst for things, his craving; then his hatred or ill-will; and delusion or ignorance. The removal of these is Nirvana. Complete extirpation of these is equal to complete mental health.

When the Buddha attained Enlightenment at the age of thirty-five and lived for forty-five years until the age of eighty, he had a complete mental health immune to all evil. The potential is in man, every man is a potential Buddha. You can come to that purity if by a gradual process you remove all the chances.

LOGOS: The actual word Nirvana...it's meaning is expiration, right?

THERA: Yeah, Nirvana...Ni'means'no'...vana' means 'passions' or 'corruptions'... 'absence of all passion'. Another meaning is 'blowing out' or 'extinction' of all passions. If you can come to that stage, you are in Nirvanic bliss. And the Buddha was living for forty five years enjoying Nirvanic bliss.

LOGOS: When you say evil, does it have the meaning that is given in Western religions:...Sin?

THERA: The word sin is foreign to Buddhism because when we speak of sin, the Creator God is involved in this sin. This is Biblical. In Buddhism we speak of good and evil, wholesome and unwholesome.

LOGOS: How do you differentiate between good and evil if there is not a judge?

THERA: The criterion is: Any action done with greed, done with hatred, or with delusion, all these go into the category of evil. But if you do an action without any desire, grasping, any thirsting or clinging...very selfless...that act cannot be evil. If your action is free from ill-will and hatred. Understand when the question comes: Have you really removed ignorance?... You can see the KARMA...action and reaction...You understand the consequences. If a man understands the consequences, to that extent he is wise. That helps him to stop doing that which harms another, or yourself.

Also, not only speech and action. When you are thinking :...What am I thinking?...What are these thoughts that I am entertaining?...Are they harmful? Are they wholesome?...Are they going to bring harm to me or to others?

LOGOS: Do you think it is possible to achieve glimpses of bodhi through psychedelic drugs?

THERA: No! Definitely not. When you take drugs, you cannot see things as they are. They just give you some sort of temporary tranquillity but this has nothing to do with bodhi or enlightenment or any real joy.

LOGOS: I'm speaking basically of psychoactive drugs, like LSD, have been known to have stimulated the consciousness...They are called consciousness-expanding drugs because under certain conditions, they can expand your consciousness in which case, for a short period of time, you are at a certain level which under normal circumstances you wouldn't be able to...

THERA: With regards to this consciousness-expanding drugs, I have not experienced this, so I cannot say. But I doubt very much it is anything wholesome. I know that kind of thing is not going to bring you a really healthy mind because this may bring about after-effects later. But in real meditation what is expected is real mental health.

TINDALL: Whatever there is in the experience of North American teachers...does not last...

LOGOS: It is temporary...

TINDALL: Yes... and however high their understanding may temporarily go for a short period of time or maybe a few days, they always come down. And we know a great many people who momentarily seem to have experienced very wonderful, beneficial mental states, but they came back down. And, because that height was not founded upon solid, sure practices of learning and of meditation, in a sense, he went very high and then the structure fell away from underneath his feet and he fell back down again.

But in meditation you build yourself an edifice, you build yourself a foundation, as it were, you build brick by brick. I ask my students here, where we teach Tibetan and Zen forms of meditation, to please be patient, and to build brick by brick. All that they do learn is real learning and not just flashing experience, momentary trips. They have earned this progress and there's no falling back if their practice is a good practice.

LOGOS: Another thing is...When you say "Venerable" Thera or something like that, does this mean I'm supposed to venerate you?

THERA: Well, when you say...You call a person Mister. Why do you use the word 'mister'?...Why 'mister'?... It has no meaning...Colonel...and so on...It's just to differentiate like dress...these are not very significant...that's discipline, order.

TINDALL: I think it's worth mentioning in this regard that any Buddhist monk with the title 'Thera' or 'Mahathera', or even being referred to as 'Venerable' or in my case as Lama from the Tibetan tradition...

LOGOS: What does it mean, Lama?...

TINDALL: Lama means... 'La' in Tibetan means 'high' or exalted...that which is most desirable. And 'Ma' means 'mamma'... 'mother'. And so I'm a Big Mamma!

LOGOS: ...most desirable mother...

TINDALL: It should be mentioned that any Buddhist monk or lama, if he has such a title, he doesn't deserve such a title if he's proud of the title. We hope that no Buddhist would be carrying such a title if he were proud of this title. This is very important.

LOGOS: Thera was explaining about Zen deriving originally from dhyana or jhana. Now, how does Zen differ from Theravada practice in Ceylon?

THERA: Meditation is the same but the technique, the method is different. The goal is the same: Enlightenment or bodhi. I am of the opinion that with regards to meditation, you need not be a slave to the book or what your teacher has taught you. Up to a point this is helpful. As you proceed with the meditation, you can have your own way. Otherwise, if you get attached to the teacher or the books, this becomes a hindrance. But of course, you must have a teacher or instructor when you start. But he's only an instructor, just giving you some guidance, but the real doing is yours alone.



McGILL FILM SOCIETY '72-'73

suspense

- OCT. 8 THE KREMLIN LETTER (U.S. 1970)
Dir. John Huston, with Bibi Andersson, Orson Welles, Max von Sydow
- OCT. 20 FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (U.S. 1946)
Dir. Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, George Sanders
- NOV. 3 LADY FROM SHANGHAI (U.S. 1948)
Dir. Orson Welles with Rita Hayworth, Orson Welles
- TOUCH OF EVIL (U.S. 1958)
Dir. Orson Welles, with Charlton Heston, Marlene Dietrich, Orson Welles
- NOV. 24 CRY TERROR (U.S. 1958)
Dir. A.L. Stone, with James Mason, Rod Taylor, Roger Stevens
- DEC. 8 DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (B&W 1933)
Dir. Rouben Mamoulian with Fredric March, Michael Hopkins
- THE CAT PEOPLE (U.S. 1942)
Dir. Val Lewton and Jacques Tourneur with Simone Simon, Karl Smith
- FEB. 2 WAIT UNTIL DARK (U.S. 1966)
Dir. Terence Young with Alan Arkin, Audrey Hepburn
- FEB. 18 QUE LA BÊTE MEURE (France 1968)
Dir. Claude Chabrol with Michel Duchaussey
- MAR. 5 MINISTRY OF FEAR (U.S. 1944)
Dir. Fritz Lang with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds
- THE THIRD MAN (Britain 1949)
Dir. Carol Reed with Joseph Cotton, Trevor Howard, Orson Welles
- MAR. 23 INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS (U.S. 1956)
Dir. Don Siegel with Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter
- APR. 13 HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (Britain 1939)
Dir. Sidney Lunt with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Richard Greene
- SUSPICION (U.S. 1941)
Dir. Alfred Hitchcock with Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine

PLUS EVERY NIGHT A NEW CHAPTER IN THE
CLASSIC SUSPENSE SERIAL

THE PERILS OF PAULINE

All Showings 7:00 and 9:30 PM in L132 except * in PSQA-FDA
Series Ticket \$3.00

CLASSICS

(Presented by the McGill Film Society)

- OCT. 4 MOBY DICK (U.S. 1956)
Directed by John Huston, with Gregory Peck and Richard Basehart. About the Great White Whale. Based on the novel by Herman Melville
- OCT. 18 ALL THE KING'S MEN (U.S. 1949)
Directed by Robert Rossen, with Broderick Crawford. Based on the novel by Robert Warren. A shrewd commentary on its day.
- NOV. 1 LA GRANDE ILLUSION (France 1937)
Directed by Jean Renoir, photography by Claude Renoir, with Eric von Stroheim
- NOV. 22 ROBINSON CRUSOE (Mexico 1932)
Directed by Luis Buñuel, with Dan Greenberg. Based on the novel by Daniel Defoe, obviously.
- DEC. 8 OUR DAILY BREAD (U.S. 1933)
Written, produced and directed by King Vidor

All shows 7:30 PM, Arts W215
Series Ticket \$1.20
Admission by Series Ticket only

Circus Film

The top and once tremendously popular entertainment of the Circus has been used by some of the most famous clowns of the screen, and some of its most serious artists, as a medium of expression. We would like to present you with a sampling of the views it has provided.

MONDAY, Sept. 25
7:00 AT THE CIRCUS (Mars Bros., 1939)
9:00 YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (W.C. Fields, 1939)

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27
7:30 LOLA MONTEZ (Max Ophüls, France, 1955)
His last film with Peter Ustinov

THURSDAY, Sept. 28
7:30 TRAPEZE (Carol Reed, 1956)

FRIDAY, Sept. 29
7:00 SAWDUST AND TINSEL (The Naked Night) (Bergman, 1964)
9:30 LA STRADA (Fellini, 1954)

SATURDAY, Sept. 30
7:00 THE CLOWNS (Fellini, 1971)
9:30 THE CLOWNS (Fellini, 1971)

All Showings in L132 except * in PSQA-FDA

MOVIES ON SATURDAYS FOR ENTERTAINING AUDIENCES

Top, recent, international films at ridiculously low prices. You can't lose.

- SEPT. 30 THE CLOWNS (Italy 1971, Fellini)
- OCT. 7 A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS (U.S. 1967, Zinnemann)
- OCT. 14 Z (Fr./Alg. 1969, Costa Gavras)
- NOV. 4 THE GO-BETWEEN (Brit. 1971, Richardson)
- NOV. 11 SOUFFLE AU COEUR (France 1971, Malle)
- NOV. 18 A NEW LEAF (U.S. 1970, Elaine May)
- DEC. 2 DEUX ANGLAISES ET LE CONTINENT (France, 1971, Truffaut)
- DEC. 9 LE BOUCHER (France 1970, Chabrol)
- JAN. 20 THE SEVENTH SEAL (Sweden 1956, Bergman)
- JAN. 27 FRITZ THE CAT (if available) (U.S. 1971, Rated R)
- FEB. 10 MON ONCLE ANTOINE (Canada 1971, Jutra)
- FEB. 17 PRESIDENT'S ANALYST (U.S. 1967, Dr. Slicker)
- FEB. 24 WR. MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (Yugoslavia 1971, Makavejev)
- MAR. 5 STRAW DOGS (U.S. 1971, Peckinpah)
- MAR. 17 SACCO AND VANZETTI (Italy 1971, Montaldo)
- MAR. 24 THE FRENCH CONNECTION (if available) (U.S. 1971, Friedkin)
- APR. 7 TRAPIC (France 1970, Tati)
- APR. 14 THE LAST PICTURE SHOW (U.S.A. 1970, Bogdanovich)

All showings in L132 except * in PSQA-FDA
7:00 & 9:30

Series Ticket
\$5.25 at 7:00
\$6.00 at 9:30



Festivals

Women Directors

(Nov. 13-18)
Tentatively Scheduled

Agnes Varda
Shirley Clarke
Diane May
B. Logan
M. Zetterling
V. Chytilova
S. Spring

CLEO DE 5 A 7
COOL WORLD
A NEW LEAF
WANDA
DR. GLAS
DAISIES
MADEIRA IS...

Animation

Jan. 22-27
Tentatively Scheduled

ANIMAL FARM
PRINCE ACHMET
YELLOW SUBMARINE
FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE
FRITZ THE CAT
AND A HOST OF OTHERS...

Young Film Makers

Feb. 10-24
Tentatively Scheduled

A SANSO
MAKAVEJEV
NEMEC
G. ROCHA
F. SOLENAS
TRUFFAUT
BERTOLUCCI
WATKINS

HUNGARY
YUGOSLAVIA
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
BRAZIL
CUBA
FRANCE
ITALY
BRITAIN

AN, CAIRA
W.R. MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM
REPORT ON THE PARTY
TERRE EN FRANCE
FIRST CHARGE WITH A MACHETTA
PEAU DOUCE
PRIMA DELLA REVOLUTION
THE GLADIATORS

overlooked & underrated

International classics from the past, all come highly recommended from various sources.

- OCT. 13 STRANGER ON THE PROWL (U.S. 1953)
Directed by Joseph Losey, with Paul Muni
- OCT. 27 THE RED SHOES (B&W 1948)
Directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Vivien Leigh
From the fairy tale
- NOV. 10 LAURA (U.S. 1944)
Directed by Otto Preminger, with Clifton Wood
- DEC. 1 KONOSTASIS (Bulgaria 1964)
Directed by Todor Dzhov and Christo Christov. An artist revolutionary struggling to find a national identity under Ottoman rule.
- DEC. 15 LOUISIANA STORY (U.S. 1948)
Directed by Robert Flaherty
- JAN. 18 LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES (France 1950)
Directed by Jean-Pierre Melville
- FEB. 9 ALL MY COMPATRIOTS (Czech. 1970)
Directed by Arnecek
- MAR. 2 ODD MAN OUT (B&W 1947)
Directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason
- MAR. 18 NOTHING SACRED (U.S. 1937)
Directed by Melfman, written by Ben Hecht, with Carole Lombard and Fredric March
- APR. 8 THRONE OF BLOOD (Japan 1967)
Directed by Akira Kurosawa, based on the famous play MacBeth, by William Shakespeare

All Showings Friday Night at 7:30 in L132
except * in PSQA-FDA

Series Ticket \$2.50

There will be an extra showing scheduled if the demand is there

Silent Sepies

- OCT. 11 THE GENERAL (U.S. 1926)
Buster Keaton
- OCT. 25 LE DERNIER DES HOMMES (Germany 1925)
Dir. F.W. Murnau
- NOV. 8 FANTOMAS (France 1913-14)
Louis Feuillade
- NOV. 29 MARK OF ZORRO (U.S. 1920)
Dir. Fred Niblo
- DEC. 13 SAGA OF GOSTA BERLING (Sweden 1924)
Dir. Mauritz Stiller
- JAN. 17 LES DEUX TIMIDES (France 1920)
Dir. Rene Clair
- FEB. 7 INTOLERANCE (U.S. 1916)
Dir. D.W. Griffith
- FEB. 28 LES TROIS LUMIERES (Germany 1924)
F. Lang
- MAR. 14 UNDERWORLD (U.S. 1927)
Dir. Josef von Sternberg
- APR. 4 HAXAN (Sweden 1918-1921)
Dir. Benjamin Christensen

to be. Revised situation present at all shows.

All showings at 7:30 PM in UNION BALLROOM
Series Ticket \$2.50

Admission by Series Ticket Only

FREE

GOLD RUSH
BREWSTER M'CLOUD

Thursday Sept. 21 UNION BALLROOM 7:00 & 9:30 PM

Friday Sept. 22 L132 7:00 & 9:30 PM

FREE

tel. 392-8934 info & Waffle
8993 Workshop
8925 Business

Arcmtl scan 2015

THIS SPACE IS YOURS! Phone LOGOS at 284-3132 or do write.

JUNE'S LIQUID WATER LIGHT SHOW is looking for 35mm slides. Should be very colourful and beautiful and freaky. We need 10,000 and we'll pay a very good price for them. Also 16mm underground films. Roger at 352-8349.

FEMALES WANTED by national photographer for nude modeling. Contributes to Playboy, Penthouse, etc. Call Ken at 845-8589.

SINGLE MAN, 40, would like to meet with ladies for fun and good times. Will answer all letters, so please write to:

L. Fixman
3472 Jeanne Mance
Mtl.

INFORMATION on how to get paid for your poetry. Send 2 (american) stamps to: RVK Publishing Co., Box 264, Dept. M, Menomonee Falls, Wisc. -53051. Also, New Earth Tribe News, a pacifist journal/mag. Sample, send 2 stamps to same address.

LIFT WANTED or someone to hitch with at end of Sept. or first week of Oct. west to Calgary or beyond. Call 844-7536 and leave a message for Elsa.

ORGANIST WANTED immediately with own equipment for commercial and rock. Excellent \$\$\$ Little Mitch 937-6416.

FENDER MUSTANG GUITAR for sale. Lot of custom features. case. Fender Vibrochamp. Preferably all together for \$250; or seaparately. Barry 482-9056.

APARTMENT TO SHARE preferably with a girl. Rent \$67/month plus phone- Call 844-8401 between 9 and 12 AM-Mike.

TAKOMA RECORDS wants to issue a record of Texas blues singer Don Garret. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Don Garret or how we can reach him is entitled to a fifty dollar reward. Contact Takoma Records, P.O.Box 5403 Santa Monica, or call collect 213 829-1741.

RUCHELL NAGEE, Angela Davis' co-defendant in the Marin County attempted escape, is organizing his defense and is looking for the jurors who convicted him to life imprisonment for an incident involving \$10. The people are: Mrs. Helen Barth, Mrs. Mildred A. Heigley, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Villard, Mrs. Sue J. Hyink, Mrs. Ann Paul, Mrs. Ruby L. McGregor, Mrs. Roy E. South, Mrs. Mamie P. Weygandt, Mrs. Beatrice Perez, Mr. Van S. Whitis, Mrs. Lucia G. Giambalvo, Mr. Charles T. Webb. The trial took place in Los Angeles in 1963, and if you know these people, please ask them to get in touch with Nagee, c/o "Friends of San Quintin, Box 5160, San Francisco, Cal. 94101."

FINE ARTS CLASSES- Painting, sketching and live model drawing at McGill every wed. night from 6 to 8. Bring your own materials. Contact instructor Ahmed Var Khan at the Student Union Building, 3480 McTavish St., Basement 41. FREE.

PETER COVO, well-respected sun-worshipper, conducts services every night (starting at 6:30) at McGill U.'s Forbes Field. Satanists, be warned!!

Garçon de 25 ans, s'ennuyant à mourir, voudrait connaître, de toute urgence, filles pour l'aider à se désennuyer. Adore le jazz et la pop music. Appeler en soirée au: 843-6605. Demander ALAIN.

THE JEWISH FREE UNIVERSITY is beginning. Mon., Sept. 25 at 7:30 (3460 Stanley). Tenant's rights, landlord responsibility, How to defend yourself against a judge, etc. Info at 849-5471.

COMMUNITY being formed based on NEW concept. Radical and humane approach to living, liberation and expansion of consciousness. Total living and relating style of life. WARNING: This is not a "light and love" trip. Personal interviews arranged. Call dual at LOGOS 284-3132 or Fred at 486-2844.

free ads



SPOTS

Clinique Communautaire Centre Ville
3611 St-Denis
Tel: 844-1056

This clinic provides medical and social work services and health information in general. General practitioners are available for consultation.

Mon: 6:30 - 10:00 pm

Wed: 1:00 - 5:00 pm and 6:30 - 10:00 pm

Tuesdays from 6:30 - 10:00 pm are reserved for gynecology. Phone for appointment.

Centre Communautaire
4235 Adam
Tel: 254-5381

The centre serves the Hochelaga and Maisonneuve districts by providing psychiatric, general medical and day care services. Office hours are from 9 am to 5 pm Monday to Friday. By appointment only.

Popular Medical Polyclinic
1988 St. Catherine East
Tel: 524-3637

General practitioners and other specialists such as radiologists, gynecologists and osteologists work at the clinic from 9 am - 5 pm Monday to Friday.

565 Dublin
Tel: 937-9251

This clinic provides the Pointe St. Charles community with general medical, pediatric, psychiatric, dental and gynecological services. Appointments are only necessary for dental consultations.

Little Burgundy Health Centre
727 Canning
Tel: 932-5178

General medical services including blood tests are provided. The clinic however, is primarily a referral centre working in coordination with the hospitals in the Montreal area.

Ste Famille Youth Clinic
3658 Ste Famille
Tel: 843-7885

Services offered here include treatment of medical problems, individual counselling and distribution of birth control information. General medical evenings are

Head and Hands Clinic
3864 Girouard
Tel: 481-0277

The services of this clinic are restricted to providing free advice on all types of cases. The clinic is open on Thursday nights between 7-10.

International YMCA
5550 Park Avenue
Tel: 271-2548

This service is specifically geared to the needs of immigrants who are unable to speak English or French. Advice is given on all cases and if necessary clients are referred to various lawyers for court representation. Interpreters are provided and the service is free. Open Saturday mornings 9-12.

Voluntary Deposit Centre
1 Notre-Dame East
Tel: 873-3233

Provides a protection against seizures. Free and available to those people in the area who cannot pay their creditors. In order to avoid the seizure of his furniture, salary etc. the client works through the centre by depositing in installments 30% of the difference between his net weekly salary and his exemptions. Free counselling aid is also available.

St Louis Legal Aid
Carré St Louis
Tel: 849-1385

The clinic provides legal consultation services, and representation in both civil and criminal cases. There is one full-time lawyer, and he is assisted by eleven law students.

BECOME A MINISTER

(MEN AND WOMEN)
Be ordained in the UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH. Perform marriages & many other religious ceremonies. Send to UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH, Dept. Box 488, L.A., Cal. 90005. (213) 487-7148. Your official Ministerial Credential is sent by return mail. A donation to cover our expenses will be appreciated.

PHONE FREENKS

Logos/m.c.p. montreal oct. 1972

19

UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.....842-8836
Community Craft Coop.....849 3310
Youth Clinic.....843 7885
Clinique St Jacques.....523 6221
Westmount Youth Clinic.....932 3338
Deuxième Ligne.....381 2350
Front de Liberation de Femmes.....523 3260
STOP.....932 7267
Community Bulletin Board.....935-9844
CJFM Nightbeat.....844-6180
Info and Referral Centre.....842 9751
St. Louis Junction.....844 2648
Social Welfare.....872 3598
Le Relais Youth Hostel.....282 3963
Loyola Youth Hostel.....482 9280
LOGOS.....284 3132
Mainmise.....843 4792

Gay Liberation Front
279 St. Catherine St. E.

CHOM-FM.....935 2425
People Center.....845 2111
Free Animal Clinic.....735 2711
Information Canada.....283 7877
Transient Referral Service.....845 5011
McGill University.....392 4311
Université de Montréal.....343 6111
Sir George Williams Univ.....879 5995
EDM of Jewish General Hosptl.....342 3111
ext.494
Hillel Hostel.....845 9957
Montreal Council to Aid War
Resistors.....843-3132
Juvenile Legal Services.....849 5371
Legal Aid Clinic.....849 1385
Prescription Counselling Service
932 2102
Divine Light Mission.....849 8697
Integral Yoga Institute.....932 2474
Women's Liberation.....844 5838

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7:00 - 10:30 pm. Tuesday nights are reserved for gynecology. Psychiatrists and psychologists are available at the clinic Thursday nights. No appointments are necessary.



We sell used records in guaranteed condition (25¢ to \$2) ROCK, CLASSICAL, ETC. ETC. Books, comix, magazines, trivia too. And things we sell we gotta buy. So if you want it, we got it; if you got it, we want it

AT: CHEAP THRILLS
Open From 11 Daily Late Thurs. & Fri.

844-7604

1433 BISHOP

Archival scan 2015

NIGHT BRAILLE

The purity of the sword-moon slices the void
 And the void bleeds hours of silver,
 This is the time when the silver bird seeks the golden serpent,
 For the moon gloves the clock's hand
 And the cold wind shatters the hour-glass.
 It's sand is a burning hot river
 That grinds the blood off your bones.
 The kiss of the travelling clouds freezes the clock's smile.
 There is a road that runs beneath your feet
 But your legs are iron pillars holding feathers of thought,
 Caught in the tangled branches deep in the woods,
 Where the sun sleeps under the black forest mud.

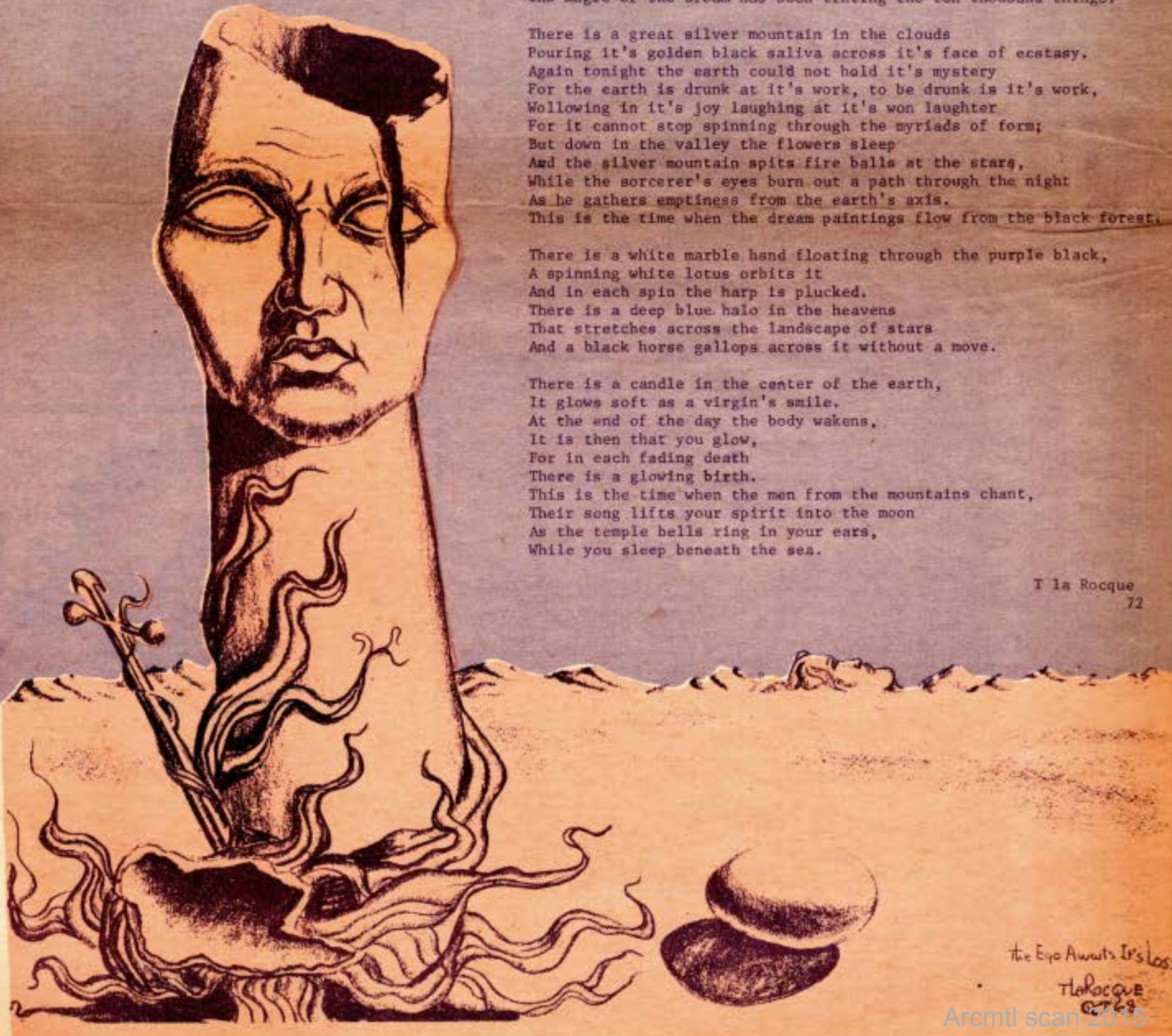
Who knows how far and for how long
 The magic of the dream has been tinting the ten thousand things.

There is a great silver mountain in the clouds
 Pouring it's golden black saliva across it's face of ecstasy.
 Again tonight the earth could not hold it's mystery
 For the earth is drunk at it's work, to be drunk is it's work,
 Wallowing in it's joy laughing at it's won laughter
 For it cannot stop spinning through the myriads of form;
 But down in the valley the flowers sleep
 And the silver mountain spits fire balls at the stars,
 While the sorcerer's eyes burn out a path through the night
 As he gathers emptiness from the earth's axis.
 This is the time when the dream paintings flow from the black forest.

There is a white marble hand floating through the purple black,
 A spinning white lotus orbits it
 And in each spin the harp is plucked.
 There is a deep blue halo in the heavens
 That stretches across the landscape of stars
 And a black horse gallops across it without a move.

There is a candle in the center of the earth,
 It glows soft as a virgin's smile.
 At the end of the day the body wakens,
 It is then that you glow,
 For in each fading death
 There is a glowing birth.
 This is the time when the men from the mountains chant,
 Their song lifts your spirit into the moon
 As the temple bells ring in your ears,
 While you sleep beneath the sea.

T la Rocque
 72



the Eye Awaits It's loss
 T la Rocque
 0768



"A Foot in Coldwater"

FREE TO FIRST 25 FOLKS WHO

Subscribe to Logos



10 issues of Logos/Montreal Community Press
\$2 in Montreal
\$3 beyond